The Saturday Review of Literature

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Pan-Americana

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April 10, 1943

PAN-AMERICANA

A Special Issue

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The Spirit of Hemisphere Cooperation

Cultural Understanding as a Basis for Lasting Peace

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs

IN a world at war, we are acutely aware of the power of the printed word.

We know the strength of lies—and the strength of truth. The "burning of the books" has become a symbol of destruction and of tyranny. And we know also the constructive power of the interchange of ideas. Only out of an understanding of the world and its people, by all the other peoples of the world, can come any basis for a lasting peace.

The war itself—by the very global character of its battlefields—has already brought about a more intimate knowledge of widely scattered peoples. But even before the war, much had been done. As communications improved, and travel became easier, peoples and lands grew less and less strange.

This movement to know the peoples of other nations—to know their backgrounds, their methods of thought, their hopes, and their aspirations must continue even in a world at war.

As this process of greater understanding relates to the Western Hemisphere, it is a part of a movement which started many years ago. From the dream of Bolivar, who called a Pan-American Congress more than a century ago, to the realization of his ideal in the series of regular inter-American Conferences which began in 1889, we have advanced step by step. These steps, quickened in the decade after the World War of 1914-18, became giant strides under the Good Neighbor Policy proclaimed in 1933. These led to decisions that insured the joint action of the American republics in meeting the shocks of war in 1939.

Even closer hemisphere coöperation became a reality at the third meeting of our Foreign Ministers, at Rio de Janeiro, in January, 1942. Our efforts are now geared to war-time objectives. Our nations are working together to increase the production of strategic and critical materials. We are together working out measures to relieve the economic and social dislocations which are inevitable in war. We are together improving the health standards of the hemisphere, that our human resources may be used to the fullest extent and so that a foundation for future progress may be laid.

In all this, the free exchange of the printed word paves the way for our joint actions, and interprets these actions to the peoples affected.

Words, in themselves, have an important war role. It is only through a wide interchange of ideas and of ideals; through a clearly understood presentation of war aims and objectives; through wide dissemination of the war achievements of each of the American nations; through a thorough understanding of Axis aims in regard to this hemisphere; through a campaign of truth to offset Axis lies; that we can accomplish the all-important task of mobilizing and utilizing every American resource.

Words of themselves cannot win the war for us. Words can be effective only if they truly reflect the beliefs and actions of a nation. We must not protest too much. The Germans have given us modern examples of this ancient process. But words, when they are backed by the determination of a people, can carry a profound weight. They must, however, fit into the warfare being waged by the generals and the admirals, the statesmen and the factory workers. They must be true, and, if they seek to inspire, have back of them the faith of a nation. In the Western Hemisphere, they can interpret one to another the aims and actions of the various nations.

Fortunately, long before the war, the groundwork had been laid for this interchange of ideas and information. Inter-American collaboration itself was well under way. Better communications and speedy air travel had drawn us closer together. We were already trading with each other to a greater extent. Military, economic, health, educational, and agricultural missions were at work. We had many traditions in common, although our languages differed in the different parts of this hemisphere. We are all part of the New World. We have a similar heritage of freedom and liberty. We are all ex-colonies, freed from European domination. Our statesmen have been meeting at frequent intervals to discuss our joint problems.

Nelson A. Rockefeller

THE same growth of mutual interest is apparent in our literary as in our political and economic relations. For decades, it is true, the New World has been turning inward for cultural inspiration rather than looking to Europe. But it is only comparatively recently that we in the United States have begun to explore this artistic and scientific development as it has taken place in the other American republics—and they have begun to be curious about our development.

One index of deep-rooted interest can be found in our colleges and universities, in the courses students demand and the research subjects they select. Forty years ago the other American republics had virtually no share. The first Master's thesis in a United States university on such a subject was written at Harvard in 1901, by Hiram Bingham, later to be Governor of Connecticut and United States Senator. That it was not just a passing interest on his part is evidenced by his later explorations in Peru and other sections where there are relics of Indian civilizations, and by his numerous books on the other American republics.

Today, thousands of candidates for Master of Arts or Master of Science degrees are doing original research in tropical medicine, archeology, sociology, and literature as they relate to other parts of this hemisphere.

Although there are no standards on just how much actual interchange of information has taken place since the turn of the century, we all know the interest is here.

The very fact that this issue of *The*

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—*Foreign Policy Association*

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Saturday Review of Literature is an all-American one indicates the extent of this interest. Recently there have been a number of similar Pan-American issues of United States magazines. Scientific journals, such as *The Annals of Surgery,* are now being translated into Portuguese and Spanish, this particular one by an Argentine publisher.

Spanish and Portuguese names are appearing in the tables of contents of an increasing number of United States magazines. Publishing houses here are getting out English editions of works by authors from the other Americas, and many of our best sellers, classics, historical and scientific works have been translated and distributed by publishing houses in a dozen countries of the Hemisphere. These nations know our movies, and listen to our broadcasts. Newspapers pay more and more attention to Hemisphere news.

Most of this is a spontaneous growth, but some of it is the result of serious effort on the part of various governmental and other groups interested in explaining the other American republics to this country and in interpreting this country's life and people to them.

For years, the Pan-American Union has been working toward a wider interchange of ideas—literary, scientific, and economic—among its member nations. The various inter-American conferences have left in their wakes a trail of exchange students, informational interchange, and general stimulation of interest in each other. Universities here and in Central and South America are setting aside special rooms in their libraries for collections representing the best in each other's books and magazines.

Journalists and students of journalism are traveling North and South these days, instead of East or West. Students in the Columbia University School of Journalism who are Pulitzer Prize winners spend their traveling scholarship money in Rio de Janeiro or Mexico City or in Bogotá. Our medical schools are full of Spanish and Portuguese speaking students, and our own medical students who are anxious to know more about tropical medicine are attending the medical schools to the south. With this will come an exchange of scientific journals.

In the field of news alone, much progress has been made since the last war. The two largest press associations, the Associated Press and the United Press, maintain staffs in all of the larger cities, ranging from the one hundred or so members in Buenos Aires to single correspondents in the smaller places.

To supplement this day-to-day coverage of news of the United States and of our relationship to the war, the Office of Inter-American Affairs sends a number of news and feature letters

Mexican Poster

to other Hemisphere nations. These go to some one thousand newspapers and magazines, and include background material on the news; exclusive feature articles for the larger newspapers; a weekly inter-American economic news letter; a labor news letter; an air mail editorial letter, and an exclusive magazine feature service.

A part of our war work, too, is the publication of *En Guardia* (*On Guard*), a magazine designed to inform its readers about the progress of the war effort, the character of American life, and the development of Hemisphere coöperation. It is published in Spanish and Portuguese with an occasional edition in French. In Spanish and Portuguese, also, go a variety of pamphlets and posters.

In the magazine field, we find a growing interest among editors and publishers here, in material from the other American nations. Several special issues similar to this one of *The Saturday Review of Literature* have been published in various fields and others are planned. Scores, if not hundreds, of articles, short stories, and poems, by Latin-American writers have appeared in United States periodicals in recent months.

In the other direction there are such ventures as the Spanish and Portuguese editions of *The Reader's Digest,* which are circulated to some million people in the other Americas. These, of course, are only samples of the growing interest in each other's writings displayed by virtually all the people of the Hemisphere.

In the long-range field of the interchange of books from North to South and from South to North, a similar acceleration has taken place. A number of contributing factors to this process is apparent.

The Western Hemisphere has become a haven for the best creative and scientific minds of Europe. This has been going on for a decade, ever since totalitarian systems made freedom of speech in their own nations an impossibility. Many of the best European writers are in this country. A great many others have found homes in Mexico and in South America. Their presence has had a stimulating effect upon all nations in this Hemisphere. Along with them have come to our shores many of the great scientists, the great physicians, and the great engineers of Europe. Some are just beginning to make their presence felt, but they are adding their weight to a movement already started.

Publishing in Spanish America received a great impetus during the Spanish Civil War. Many of the eminent publishing houses, with or without equipment, escaped from Spain to Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Santiago, Bogotá, or Lima. Until this time, although there had been a number of important publishing houses in the other Americas, and a great deal of publishing had been done by the various governments, Madrid and Barcelona had furnished most of the new Spanish books, and the editions of the classics, to the New World.

IN the days when Spain did much of the South and Central American publishing, foreign books were almost invariably of European origin—often our own classics were known there only because they had first been translated into French. Now these publishers are looking for new material, and many of them are bringing out North American titles.

Much also has been done toward a more complete interchange of standard and scientific works in the original. The Inter-American Convention of 1936 provided that the countries signing should send to the National Libraries of all the other countries collections representative of their best life and thought, and that a special room should be set aside in each National Library to house these collections.

In this country, we already had the room, the Hispanic Foundation's collection in the Library of Congress, with Lewis Hanke in charge. The other phase of this program has been turned over to the American Library Association to carry out and it has compiled a list of 6,000 representative United States books from which other National Libraries can make their selections. This list, finished last December, will be useful for other libraries in the South—those of universities as well as the larger public libraries desiring to add to their English books.

Distinguished collections not only of books in Spanish and Portuguese, and books about other American countries, but also of original manuscripts, maga-

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zines, government publications, and scientific journals are being built up by our university and public libraries. A young Bingham working on a Pan-American thesis, would have a much easier time of it today.

A constant interchange, too, is being arranged through the Division of Cultural Relations of our State Department, which has compiled collections of representative scientific, descriptive, classical, and current publications to send to the various other American republics through our Embassies.

Almost two years ago, realizing the value of books in creating greater understanding among nations, the Office of Inter-American Affairs was instrumental in sending Mr. Hanke to the great Spanish and Portuguese language publishing centers in this hemisphere. With his wide knowledge of the book field here, and with his understanding of Hispanic and Portuguese America, he was able to inaugurate a far-reaching program of translation and publication of our books there.

Out of his trip has come the beginnings of a movement which will broaden the reading habits of two continents, coming as it does at a time when publishers here are excited about discovering not only current talent in the other American republics, but in giving readers here, who already have an interest in those nations, the classics and scientific works which have molded thought and action there.

Before this movement can attain its full force, certain problems must be ironed out, particularly those of copyrights. Libraries must be stocked with the books already translated, so that students and others will have free access to them.

Not all of the books which have proved popular here will be popular in the other Americas. For as nations, we do not always think alike. But to know each other fully, and to benefit by the many fine things which are being done in all fields in this hemisphere, the interchange should be as widespread as possible.

We all need to learn. The interest exists, on both sides of the Rio Grande. All our countries have within their borders not only their own writers, but distinguished writers from Europe, guests of democracy, and ready to add their interpretations as Europeans to our interpretations of each other.

The need for better understanding is paramount during the war. It is important for itself of course, but also as it serves to inspire the spirit of hemisphere coöperation in the drive for the victory of those common American aspirations which unite us. It will be equally important, if not even more so, in the days of inevitable confusion when a war-weary world turns to making a lasting peace.

The Literary Roundup

An American Publisher Tours South America

BLANCHE KNOPF

THE chief impression I gained on my recent trip to South America was one of newness, of aliveness, of something being created virtually from the ground up by people who find joy and excitement in that creation, and a great hope for the future. That was, in general, true of every country I visited, though, of course, each country is as different from every other as Mexico is from the United States. The countries I visited were, in chronological order, Colombia, Perú, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil—all of them Spanish-speaking except Brazil, whose language is Portuguese.

The writers in South America today live and work under conditions very different from those we have here. The cultural scene in which writers live and work is an old one, whose roots antedate ours by a century. It is also one in which society has traditionally been pretty much stratified along class lines; and the things of the mind—letters, music, the arts, the professions, politics, even travel—have been pretty much the prerogative of the upper classes. These, the wealthy and the cultured, have looked to the European continent, to Spain and especially France, for leadership in virtually every cultural matter. These people were the arbiters of taste and fashion; they were the reading public, too, and their taste was decidedly European. Hence it is only natural that native writers, addressing themselves to that audience, should have tended to draw their inspiration from Spanish or French models, and should have looked to Madrid, Barcelona, or Paris publishers for the production of their work. Besides which, the financial rewards for the writer were usually scant in South America and the tradition of the dominant class pointed to Government, the Law, the Army, the Church, or the sciences as their natural professions, as was true in Spain.

But the younger writers are finding their material more and more in their own lands and in their own experiences; and many of the young intellectuals, abandoning their preoccupation with the traditional professions, have looked to writing as a career, even though a secondary career in most cases. That tendency has been evident in the caliber of the South American writing which has found its way into our New York offices in the past several years; and, on the spot last summer, I saw fresh evidence of it everywhere. It is perfectly true that much of the writing of South America's younger generation, like that of younger generations everywhere, shows a tendency to experiment with technique at the expense of content. Much of it has to be considered promise rather than achievement. But the ferment is there, the eager questing in new directions, and it is both heartening and well worth watching.

Thus we come to publishing—which, despite its considerable recent growth, is still a disorganized industry in most of South America. There are some countries which have no commercial publishers. Hardly any of the firms of today were in existence before the middle of the 1920's. Yet some of these houses, new as they are, are as alive to world conditions and as keenly interested in the development of thought in all countries of the world as any publishers in the United States.

Commercial methods of the publishing industry are quite different from ours. They rarely pay royalties in South America. There the author customarily receives a flat sum as full payment to him on an edition of so many copies and the publisher expects that this edition, which may take him several months or years to dispose of, will be the only one. Naturally there are exceptions to this but it is rare that further editions are printed.

I found that almost without excep-

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Amado Alonso, Argentinian philologist

tion writers need some means of living other than the returns from the books themselves. Many of them write short stories, which find a ready market in magazines and newspapers. Many make translations from foreign languages, for which they may receive fifty to one hundred dollars per book. Many make their main living from some other profession—journalism, business, teaching, the law, and so on. A few of the more fortunate have private means.

SOME of the countries, to their everlasting credit be it said, have recognized the facts and have taken practical steps to assure to writers of distinction an adequate living, and hence a chance to do creative work free from pressing worries about income. That is to say, the writer of established quality will often be given a government position carrying a living wage but making no great demands on the author's time. Or he may receive an outright government grant or pension, just as, on another continent, the Finnish government voted a pension to F. E. Sillanpää, the Nobel Prize novelist. In South America this is done as a matter of law and common practice, with the full knowledge and consent of everyone; and it seems to me a fine thing to do.

But to return to the South American publisher. He has decided upon a manuscript, and has paid the author for the rights in a first edition. Then he has to manufacture the copies. The chances are that it will be a well-planned, attractive volume, bound in paper in the continental manner, or perhaps in heavy boards. Only rarely do you see a South American book in cloth binding. Assuming that our publisher has succeeded in getting paper and manufacturing an edition, he next has the problem of selling it. He will advertise it, no doubt, in Tomás Barna's admirable new book-trade journal, the *P.W.* of South America, which is called *Papel-Libro-Revista,* published in Buenos Aires but covering the continent. He will send press copies to some of the important newspapers—and South America has some very good newspapers indeed. He will sell it to and through the booksellers of his own country, and perhaps a few of the more important dealers in neighboring countries.

The booksellers, by and large, are good. They keep large stocks of books in many languages—not only Spanish and Portuguese as the case may be, but English, French, Italian, German (these latter not as common, of course, as they used to be). They expect a slow turnover, and must let pens, paper, desk sets, and other items of stationery carry part of the financial burden of their stores. The best-sellers last year, in whatever country I found them, were two books by two Americans, one of whom it was my pleasure to publish here—William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary." The other was "Inside South America" by John Gunther. Both of them, of course, in Spanish translation. The December 1942 issue of *Papel-Libro-Revista,* the last I have seen, lists six best-sellers; and three of them are by Carleton Beals, Jan Struther, and Sinclair Lewis. That same issue lists current books by Vicki Baum, Winston Churchill, Neville Shute, Major de Seversky, Cameron Rogers, Rainer Maria Rilke, James Hilton, Philip Guedalla, Waldo Frank, Thomas Rourke, and perhaps a dozen more as firmly established in this country. Among our own recent books which are soon to appear in Spanish or Portuguese translation are two on current affairs, Howard K. Smith's "Last Train from Berlin" and Simon Segal's "The New Order in Poland": three scientific works, William Haynes's "This Chemical Age," Arturo Castiglioni's "History of Medicine," and Frederic Loomis's "Consultation Room"; two novels, Robert Nathan's "Portrait of Jennie" and Wallace M. Kelly's "Days Are As Grass"; and a murder mystery, Dwight Babcock's "A Homicide for Hannah." South Americans are really hungry for the best of American books in every field, and we would be foolish indeed not to do all we can to satisfy that very healthy demand.

Any individual country differs from the general picture. Thus Colombia has a great newspaper in *El Tiempo* of Bogotá; an excellent National Library with a magnificent collection of Spanish incunabula and a fine section devoted to English and American work; first-rate scholars in the persons of Enrique Uribe White, Samper-Ortega, and Germán Arciniegas; but entirely inadequate publishing and book-selling outlets.

Peru has the oldest university in the Americas—San Marcos, founded in the 1560's; and Peru has one of the classic writers of South America as well, Ricardo Palma. His "Peruvian Traditions," gay, mildly scandalous retellings of the legends of his country, have been extremely popular all through Spanish America since their publication sixty-odd years ago. Curiously enough none of these charming stories—their quality is roughly analogous to Washington Irving's "Sketch Book"—have been published in English. But soon they will be, for we have just arranged to issue a one-volume selection of them, I hope during the next autumn season. Peru today has a well known novelist in Ciro Alegría, author of the Farrar and Rinehart prize novel "Broad and Alien Is the World." Other Peruvian writers of note are Dr. Jorge Basadre, the historian, Eduardo Nuñez, Victor Belaunde, Luis Valcarcel, and Emilio Delboy. Peru also has an authority on international law in the person of Alberto Ulloa, one of the great archeologists in Dr. Julio Tello, head of the Tello Museum at the University and the world's leading authority on Inca culture, a fine group of painters, among whom José Sabogal is outstanding, two of the best newspapers in this hemisphere—*El Comercio,* owned by the Miro Quesada family, and *Le Crónica,* by Larco Herrera. But Peru has few book publishers.

Even Uruguay, with its long tradition of practical democracy and its great friendship for the United States, has no commercial publishers of the first importance. Most of its writers must rely on private publication. Which is the more strange when you remember that Montevideo is one of

Alfonso Reyes, author of "Visión de Anáhuac."

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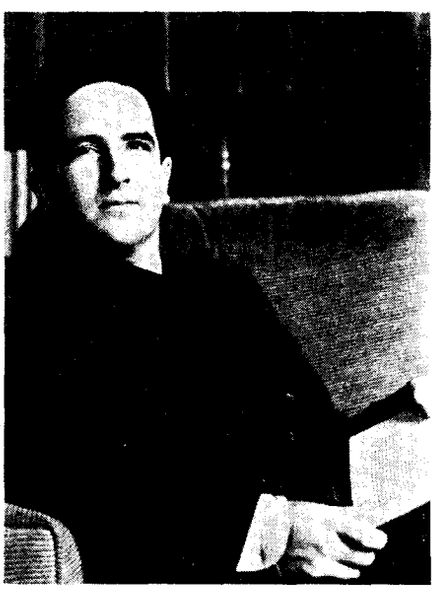
Dr. German Arciniegas, author of "The Knight of El Dorado."

the great cities of the hemisphere and the center of an intellectual life full of promise for the future. Alvaro Araujo, industrialist, philanthropist, and mystic, is one of Montevideo's cultural leaders. Others are Clemente Estable, biologist and President of the Alliance of Intellectual Workers; Carlos Martínez Moreno, critic and journalist; Emilio Oribe, poet; José Luis Zorilla, sculptor; Enrique Amorim, novelist; and Clotilde Luisi de Podesta, lawyer and dramatist.

Chile, however, has at least three active commercial publishers, Nacimento, Ercilla, and Zig-Zag, all of whom issue not only the work of Chilean and other writers of the Spanish language, but also translations of outstanding books. And Chile has Gabriela Mistral, the poet and diplomat, whose position in the Spanish-speaking world is roughly analogous to that of Thomas Mann in pre-Hitler Germany; she has frequently been mentioned as a Nobel Prize possibility. Chile has a brilliant historian and geographer in Benjamín Subercaseux, whose "Chile: a Geographical Extravaganza" is just published in this country by Macmillan, while the author himself is here on a visit. It has a first-rate young novelist in Maria Luisa Bombal, who is also visiting the United States just now and whose "The Shrouded Woman" will soon be issued in English translation by my own firm. And it has other writers of note in Manuel Vega, Hector Fuenzalida, Domingo Santa Cruz, and Raphael Maluenda, the brilliant political writer of *El Mercurio* of Santiago, a great South American newspaper.

But it is Argentina that seems to lead the rest of Spanish America as a center of publishing and writing; indeed it has become more important than Spain itself since the Civil War. There are many good booksellers in Buenos Aires and some excellent publishers—Sudamericana, whose director is Julian Urgoiti; Losada, which is headed by Gonzalo Losada and whose literary adviser is Pedro Henriques Urena, who has visited the United States several times; Hachette, headed by Hernandez Barbenza; Claridad, headed by Antonio Zamora; Joequin Gil; and Kraft. Among the good booksellers are Mackern, headed by Pablo Mellor; Harrods, headed by Jose V. Marron; Janos Peter Kramer; Mitchell's English Bookstore, directed by W. O'Regan; Norteamericana, with Mrs. Margaret Ridderstad at its head; Libreria Viau, music publishers and rare bookhouse, headed by Domingo Viau and Jorge D'Urbano. Victoria Ocampo, editor of the magazine *Sur*, which is also the name of a small publishing house, is a woman of very great influence in Argentina, a remarkable personality of great charm and ability, and a brilliant writer.



Ciro Alegria, author of "Broad and Alien Is the World."

Any list of Argentine writers must start with Eduardo Mallea, novelist, critic, journalist, and an utterly charming personality, who has lived and traveled in most countries of Western Europe, as well as in Argentina. Some of his work is already known here, especially his long short story, "Fiesta in November," title story of the collection which was published last summer by Houghton Mifflin. His major novel, "The Bay of Silence," will be published later this year by us.

Among other notable current writers are: Amado Alonso, philologist; Jorge Luis Borges, young short story writer; Maria Rosa de Oliver, who is now in the United States; Ezequiel Martinez Estrada; José Santos Gollán, writer and journalist; Benito Lynch; Raul Migone, historian; Dean Emilio Ravignani, of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters, of the University of Buenos Aires; and Ricardo Rojas, famous writer.

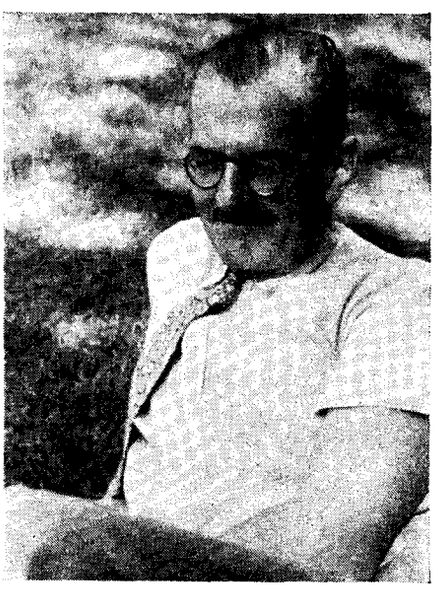
There are three important newspapers in Argentina. The first of these, of course, is *La Prensa*, and young Dr. Gainz Paz is the head of it. In many ways it is comparable to our *New York Times*. In some ways it is much better. There is also *La Nación*, whose director is Dr. Luis Mitre and whose subdirector is Angel Bohigas, who recently visited the United States. Arnaldo Cortesi is the Buenos Aires correspondent of *The New York Times*, and his headquarters are at the offices of *La Nación*. The third paper is *El Mundo*, whose head is Mucio Saenz Pena.

These writers and artists, scholars and public spirited citizens, are today creating a cultural life which is dominant in Spanish America.

Brazil, too, has an impressive cultural record. No longer does she look to France and Europe for leadership; she is beginning to turn toward North America for the first time. She is feeling a tremendous upsurge of activity in many lines of endeavor, though the cultural field is the only one about which I can speak with any knowledge.

The cultural development in modern Brazil is amazing, and distinctive. It finds expression in many ways—in music, in art, in literature, in allied fields. The music of Villa-Lobos and Camargo Guarnieri is already well known here, as are the paintings of Portinari and Santa Rosa, the ceramics of Paulo C. Rossi Osir, and the work of many others. We probably know less in this country of publishing activities, and this, of course, is what I particularly want to point out.

Brazilian culture has one distinctive feature which is immediately noticeable; it centers about not one dominant metropolis, but six leading cities



—*Photo by Alfred Knopf.*
H. Butler

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Pablo Neruda, author of "Residencia en la tierra."

—Rio de Janeiro, Porto Alegre, Bahia, Belo Horigonte, Recife, and São Paulo. The last named is in some respects the most important of all, for it is the site of the União Cultural Brasil-Estados Unidos, a group dedicated to fostering Brazilian-American relations. Its head is Dr. Ciro Berlinck, director of the School of Sociology and Politics at the University of São Paulo. He has gathered about him a remarkable group of writers and educators, including even Sergio Milliet, of the Boletim do Arquivo Municipal de São Paulo. São Paulo is also the home of Caio Prado, Jr., who has just published an excellent interpretation of his own country, "Formacào Historio de Brazil,"—probably one of the three best books ever written in this field. Mario de Andrade, the great musicologist, man of letters, and authority on folk-lore, also lives in São Paulo.

The principal publisher in this area is Companhia Editora Nacional; its head is Octavio Marconides Ferreira and its staff includes such outstanding writers as Fernando de Azevedo and Monteiro Lobato. Senhor Marcondes Ferreira's firm is a leader in every way, has an excellent juvenile department, and is publishing many translations of North American books. Another excellent publisher is Livraria Martins. São Paulo is very much alive, full of cultural activity, and far ahead of us in many respects.

Rio de Janeiro has three leading publishers—Livraria Freitas Bastos, with a general list; Editora Guanabara, specializing in books on medicine and the law, whose head, Dr. Koogan, is a Russian; and José Olympio, who is outstanding. Perhaps I am inclined to favor José Olympio because they seem more like ourselves than any other publisher, excepting perhaps

(*Continued on page* 34)

Studying Spanish

Language as a Valuable Common Ground

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

WHY should we study the Spanish language at the present time? Perhaps the real reason is because so many of us are interested in Latin America and Spain, and in the many Spanish-speaking peoples.

Without a knowledge of the language which people speak, it is extremely difficult ever really to get to know the people themselves. For the first time in our history, we find ourselves allied closely with our South and Central American neighbors and engaged in mutual defense.

We know that when this war is over, transportation will be easier between our country and every country to the south of us. We will be able to go by air more comfortably and more rapidly to all South and Central American countries; better and faster steamship lines will connect us, and in time a motor highway will allow us to travel from Alaska in the north to Chile in the south.

The interchange of students between the countries in this hemisphere is constantly increasing, the flow of men and women interested in agriculture, science, and various cultural pursuits is making us more and more aware of a real desire to know and understand each other better. When this desire is so prevalent, it is not surprising that Spanish becomes more popular in schools and colleges and even our government workers are starting classes in their spare hours!

I had taken a few Spanish lessons from a Spanish woman many years ago when my husband was in Washington, and I became aware then that it would be a great advantage to speak the language of one's guests, instead of getting along on smiles and gestures.

IT is not a difficult language to understand when one has had any Latin and has learned French, but, of course, any language one does not learn as a child is difficult to speak correctly. I am quite sure that everyone who really likes languages will agree with me that they should be learned in the early years when reasoning is difficult, but when our memories are very alert. Nevertheless it is a challenge to master a new language when one is grown up, and I think it is also a stimulant!

I pat myself on the back whenever I get an irregular verb right, and I feel a glow of conscious pride when I remember the right word. I am sure that when I was thirty or forty years younger, I would not have felt the same satisfaction because it would have all been somewhat easier.

I know from my friends who are students of Spanish that once I do not have to stop, in reading a book, to look up two or three words, to get their meaning, there are treasures in the literature of our sister Republics which have never been really appreciated, or even known in this country. I confess, however, that I look forward more to the opportunity of talking with some of the South and Central American people when the day comes that I may be able to see their countries.

I KNOW there are Indians in the mountains and on the plains of many of our neighboring Republics who are similar in some ways to our own Indian tribes, and that there is a vast store of folklore and history among them about which we know very little and which will be most interesting.

Just as many of our soldiers learned French in France during the last war, many of them are now learning Spanish and Portuguese because they are stationed in countries where they hear these languages, day in and day out. Naturally they want to talk with some of the charming young ladies in the country, and life is pleasanter and easier when you can understand what people say and respond easily.

Too often in the past, all languages taught in our schools and colleges have given the students an ability to read and even write grammatically, but rarely to speak. I hope now we are learning that speaking is essential to friendly contact with people.

Our Vice-President's ability to speak Spanish makes him a far more useful visitor to South and Central America. The fact that he has learned this language creates a favorable impression upon his hosts and he will return with more information and truer impressions because he can talk to the people themselves wherever he goes.

It is for these reasons that I want to speak Spanish and I hope I may succeed though I realize I am no longer young!

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W. H. Hudson

Bridge-Builder Between the Americas

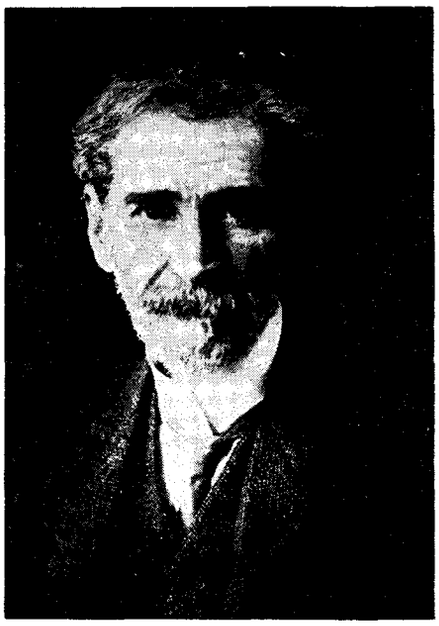
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

Cultural Relations Officer, U. S. Embassy, Bogota, Colombia, S. A.

A HOPEFUL view to take of the Pan-American literary situation is that the first rush to discover and mine the gold that is in them thar hills, meaning, of course, the Andes, is over, and that Latin America is slowly beginning to forgive us our parachutists and blitz reporters. But it would be too optimistic to believe that the wave of "discoverers" has completely subsided, not to be renewed. It is only fair to say that some of the fast-flying observers, who would hardly wait to get back to the United States to dash off their books and begin to collect their royalties, have taken north with them a considerable amount of information. To reach an accurate view of the situation, one must balance the number of people in the United States, who now know something, at least, of their good neighbors, against the number of good neighbors who are indignant against being superficially, or even inaccurately, known.

In this spate of journalistic writing, much of it, no doubt, done in stratosphere planes flying three hundred miles an hour or better and reading exactly like it, there is the prospect, at least, that the work of real pioneers in the discovery of Latin America may be overlooked, which would be unfortunate, to say the least. The most important of these pioneers, among the writers of English, is, beyond a reasonable doubt, W. H. Hudson, or, as he is known in Spanish-speaking countries, Guillermo Enrique Hudson. Hudson is universally recognized as an ornament to the literature of the British Isles and not many of his readers know that he was, in fact, the child of New England parents. His father was a Maine man and his mother was from Massachusetts.

As an interpreter of the life and landscape of the southern end of the New World, Hudson had two advantages missing from the works of most of his successors. One was that he saw the light of day for the first time across the wide sweep of the Argentine pampas, the Latin counterpart of our own plains of the Great West, and that he grew up in every-day contact with the life of the hacienda. The other was, of course, that he was a master of expression, a nature-writer of the first order—in fact, so good in this field, especially with birds, that thousands have read and enjoyed him whose interest in South America itself was as remote as if he had been discussing the flora and fauna of the Mountains of the Moon. That an Argentine-born New Englander should have become known as an English writer is due to two factors, one that Hudson thought consistently of England as home, the other that he did his writing in London during periods of illness, poverty, and extreme nostalgia. For like many another, when he found himself "at home" in England, he was forever thinking of a wilder, more colorful, and more dramatic home elsewhere.



W. H. Hudson

In imperishable prose, Hudson left behind studies of different South American countries that outweigh in value a boatload of books by week-enders in a hurry to get the next plane before their first impressions have cooled or before they have had to make changes and corrections in view of the unwilling discovery of additional facts.

"Far Away and Long Ago," the most complete autobiography on Hudson's list, although all his books were intensely autobiographical, is not only one of the books about childhood and early adolescence that knows no limits in its age appeal, but it is a book which in spite of the fact that it was written a good many years ago still conveys the very essence of the Argentine country. In his contact with this distant frontier, Hudson shared a spiritual heritage familiar to innumerable Americans whose parents were from New England but who were born on the very edge of civilization. This gives the book an added value to us and an added importance as a means of understanding the South Americans who are farthest away from us in miles and nearest to us in many other respects. That they should be our principal economic rivals means a deeper and more urgent necessity for spiritual comprehension, and, in this respect, Hudson is an invaluable guide.

A NATURE-LOVER of Hudson's ability is actually one of the best and surest bridge-builders between peoples. Men may be different from one country to another, and the Anglo-Saxon, so-called, may imagine that his Latin brother is a curious and unnecessarily complex creature almost too difficult to understand—this is a long way from being the truth, of course—but any boy or any man who has watched birds and tried to unlearn what his elders have taught him about snakes will at once feel a glow of sympathetic understanding when he peruses the magic pages of Hudson's books; just as any lover of horses will feel himself completely at home in the Argentine, or Patagonia, or the Banda Oriental, when he reads Hudson. In plain fact, the *vaquero* of the Argentine or his brother of northern South America, the *llanero*, is a nearer relative of the cowboy of our own plains country than the sophisticate of Buenos Aires is of the North American intellectual. *Vaquero* and cowboy belong purely to the New World, whereas the South American intellectual still has his spiritual and mental dwelling place in Paris or some other European center and has not gone nearly so far in declaring his intellectual independence as the North American.

Of all Hudson's books, the one that stands up best from the point of view of the alterations of time is, no doubt, "Idle Days in Patagonia." Patagonia, the land where Magellan found the footprints of giants, like all other parts of the known world has felt the effects of the present war, but the back-country of this distant and legendary land has changed not at all since Hudson investigated its wonders, wrote of his adventures along the Black River, set down some unforgettably beautiful pages on bird-song, and speculated on sight and smell. It was here that he refuted completely an antiquated and entirely incorrect ornithological idea, that only birds of dull plumage were really first-rate musicians. Some South American birds,

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as he pointed out, are quite as beautiful to the eye as to the ear, and this anyone knows who has gone no farther in his observations than the common toche or merla of northern South America.

If the Argentine pampas have changed only a little since Hudson viewed their broad expanse with the wondering eyes of a sensitive boy, and if the Land of the Giants' Footprints is virtually the same as when Hudson examined it long and lovingly, a third country of which he wrote, Uruguay, has undergone so complete a transformation as to make Hudson's novel, "The Purple Land," read like fiction based upon remote history. The Banda Oriental, that wedge-shaped small bit of land between the two great countries of Argentina and Brazil, was wild when Hudson knew it, and now it has taken its place as one of the three most advanced democracies of all Central and South America, along with Costa Rica and Colombia. A city-dominated country, Uruguay would seem strange to the returned spirit of Hudson, which would find itself completely at home on the pampas or in Patagonia.

Under the title, "The Purple Land that England Lost,"—the reference being, of course, to the momentary occupation of the Banda Oriental by the English in the beginning of the nineteenth century, which helped to precipitate the Wars of Independence fought by Spain's colonies against the mother country—this first book of Hudson's was published in 1885. It received scanty attention from reviewers and public and might have been lost to posterity forever if a certain group of literary men in England had not discovered Hudson. In 1904 it was issued in a revised edition and since then has never failed to find readers and appreciative critics.

It is a novel in the romantic tradition and based largely upon the love story between a young Englishman, Richard Lamb, and a beautiful girl from Buenos Aires, Paquita. Today it has a pleasantly old-fashioned flavor, but the charm of Hudson's observations of people and animals and things makes it still one of the most attractive of his books.

The advantages of reading Hudson to find out about South America are, as I have tried to suggest, many. In the first place, he always knows what he is talking about. In the second, he is unfailingly a good writer. And in the third, when all the matters of current interest and importance have disappeared, the things of which he wrote will still endure.

This article appears here through special arrangement with E. P. Dutton & Co., which publishes many of the works of the late W. H. Hudson.

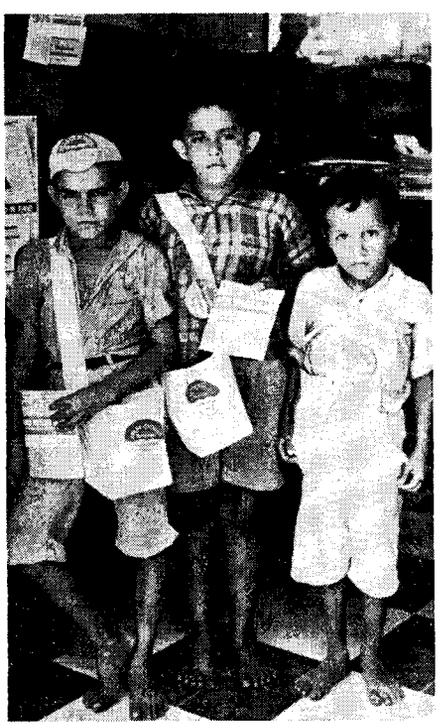
1,200,000 Ambassadors

The Story of Selecciones and Seleções

NORMAN COUSINS

THE two most popular magazines in Latin America today are *Selecciones and Seleções,* ages twenty-nine months and fifteen months respectively. They are the fast-growing offspring of the still-growing American *Reader's Digest,* itself a world record-holder and pace-setter in circulation at the towering age of twenty-two.

Despite their youth but befitting their ancestry, *Selecciones,* the edition in Spanish, and *Seleções,* the edition in Portuguese, have made publishing history by attracting the largest readerships in their respective fields. Consider *Selecciones,* the older of the two. It was born in December, 1940, being ushered into a habitat entirely new for its particular species, with most of the experts gloomy about its chances, and others frankly predicting an uneventful and prompt mortality. The infant proceeded to astonish even its parents by bursting out of its crib, doubling and re-doubling its size almost overnight. The optimists had reasonably supposed that *Selecciones,* when fully grown, might reach a circulation of 50,000. The first edition sold out at 90,000. Today *Selecciones,* still spurting, is actively on its way to a 1,000,000 circulation, having come three-quarters of the way with the April, 1943 issue—an eightfold growth in less than two and a half years.



Newsboys in Honduras proudly wear their *Selecciones* buttons.

The story of *Seleções,* if anything, is even more amazing. Observing the instant success of *Selecciones* in Spanish, and recognizing the need for a similar monthly periodical for Brazil, a Portuguese-speaking nation, the editors of the *Reader's Digest* decided to enlarge the family. *Seleções* in Portuguese was born in February, 1942. At the start and relatively speaking, the newcomer was an even bigger chip off the old block than its brother. More Brazilians snapped up the first issue of *Seleções* than did all Spanish-speaking peoples combined of the first issue of *Selecciones.* The circulation of *Seleções* began at 107,500, including a shipment of 7,500 copies to Portugal, and has since expanded until it stands today at close to 400,000, of which approximately 50,000 are marked for Portugal.

This rate of increase is almost identical with that of *Selecciones* for a comparable period, but *Seleções* may have reached its maximum distribution for the duration. Most shipping to Brazil today is non-stop to Rio de Janeiro, far down on the under-side of the continent. Hence important northern cities in Brazil cannot be adequately serviced; copies re-routed from Rio to such cities as Recife and Bahia sometimes arrive three and four months late.

Transportation and shipment have not hampered *Selecciones* so much as they have *Seleções,* since the vastly larger geographical area embraced by the Spanish-speaking nations offers a greater choice of routes; then, too, the proximity of Mexico, Cuba, and the northern countries of South America permits frequent use of overland shipments. Thus *Selecciones* continues to climb in its circulation—the latest figure is 750,000—and the editors of the *Reader's Digest,* whose estimates so far have been the quintessence of cautiousness—are figuring that the demand will exceed 900,000 copies by the end of this year.

Apart from transportation complications, the war, far from being a deterrent, has emphasized the need and opportunity for both magazines. Americans and Latin-Americans have important work to do today in enlarging and improving their understanding of each other; and anything that con-

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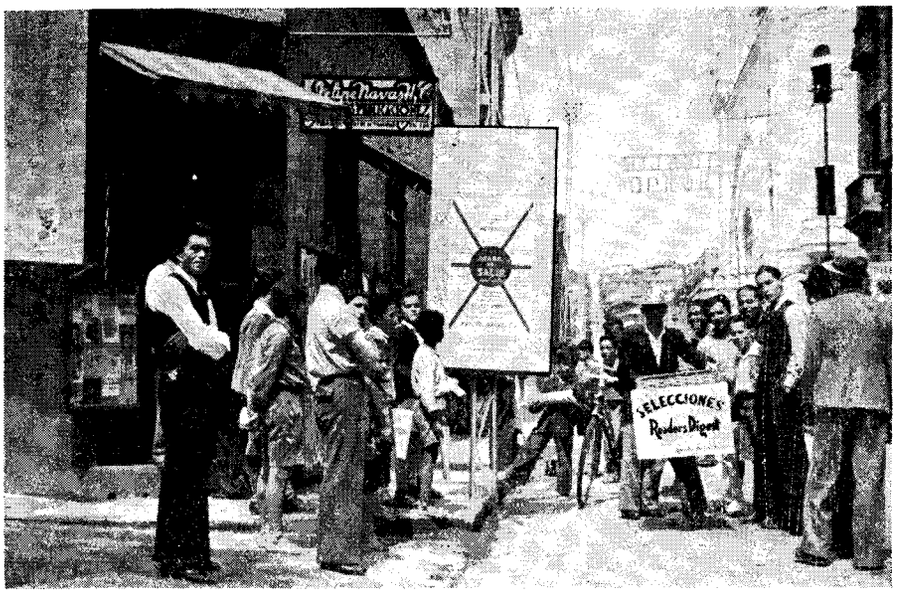
tributes to that mutual understanding is all to the good. But that is only a left-handed way of describing the accomplishments of *Selecciones* and *Seleções*. Nelson Rockefeller, Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, has paid high tribute to these magazines as ambassadors of good-will in advancing the good-neighbor policy.

Surveys establish that each copy has at least four readers; this would mean that each month these 1,200,000 ambassadors have an audience of approximately five million persons, touching almost every layer of Latin-American life, from housewives to government officials, from clerks to prominent industrialists. Especially well represented are teachers, students, writers, editors, doctors, lawyers. This readership, viewed quantitatively or qualitatively, is unapproached by any other form of printed matter in Latin America, newspapers included. Ludicrous by comparison are publications of German and Italian origin or sponsorship which in the aggregate do not come to a weak fraction of the circulation achieved by the *Reader's Digest* offspring.



In Colombia, large posters announce the new issue of *Selecciones*.

THOUGH *Selecciones* (pronounced Say-lek-seyoh-ness and *Seleções* (pronounced Say-leh-sohns) are war-babies, the former, at least, had been a gleam in the eye of the editors of the *Reader's Digest* as far back as 1936. The matter had been brought up in conferences between Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Wallace, the editors and owners of the magazine, A. L. Cole, the business manager, and Barclay Acheson, now chief of all foreign editions, without culminating in any decision. Persons professing familiarity with the market would hoist the storm signals: no serious magazine in Latin America had been able to achieve a circulation much in excess of 25,000—much less jump national boundaries to appeal to an overall Latin-American audience; the only magazines enjoying wide circulation were either picture or women's pattern periodicals or both; illiteracy was too widespread to warrant any hope of a large market; the mails were too irregular; the price would have to be too low to be economically feasible; they could never expect to collect on most of their bills; finally, there was too little to go by in the way of guideposts or precedents.

The *Reader's Digest* nevertheless authorized a survey of the market in 1937; questionnaires were sent to readers of the regular domestic edition in Latin America; the experience of local periodicals and newspapers was studied. The prognosis at the time was unfavorable, pointing to a relatively small circulation at a relatively high cost, and the idea was shelved. But only for a time. In 1940, the question of a special edition for the good neighbors came up again, this time with greater vigor and insistence. Again a survey was commissioned. And again the report showed the undertaking too costly for an estimated circulation of 50,000.

Reluctant to turn the plan down, A. L. Cole did some figuring. Granted that a foreign edition might not be able to pay its way as it stood, perhaps advertising might mean the difference. Over the years the *Digest* had turned down repeated suggestions for advertising space in its own columns, but the special circumstances might warrant a reversal of the old policy for the foreign editions.

The *Digest* decided to take the plunge. Its first step following the decision to accept advertising was to send to Latin America two crackerjack young executives—Marvin McCord Lowes, who had turned in an outstanding record as head of the *Digest's* London Office, and Fred D. Thompson, Jr., personable and persuasive young Texan who travelled for the *Digest* as college representative following his education abroad. With Lowes, went Roberts C. Sánchez, now circulation manager of the International Edition. Lowes was assigned to South America, Thompson to Mexico and Central America. There was no set plan or organizational formula. They were to make arrangements on a local basis according to the local customs. The price for the magazines, for example, was to be adjusted to meet conditions in each country.

Upon arriving in each new country, Lowes and Thompson sought out newsdealers, hotel clerks, newspapermen in an effort to get the feel of the place. Usually they by-passed the American or English business agencies and middlemen to search out the local periodical wholesalers and dealers, since the magazine was to be sold almost exclusively on newsstands.

The wholesalers were tough nuts to crack. It was difficult to excite them about a foreign magazine, particularly a picture-less or dress pattern-less affair. Then, too, even digest magazines of local origin, including those that republished North American material with or without benefit of copyright, had never been particularly successful. In some places, dealers wouldn't accept the magazines except as a gift. This was a gamble the *Reader's Digest* representatives were willing to take. In Venezuela, Marvin Lowes pressed upon a pessimistic wholesaler a gift of 3,000 copies with no strings attached after the latter had estimated that the maximum draw for the entire country would be 100 copies. In no country did the *Digest* ask for deposits; moreover, the dealers could order on a strict returnable basis.

Lowes and Thompson added up their advance orders and turned in an estimate which came remarkably close to the 50,000 average predicted for the foreign edition.

MEANWHILE, back in the United States, the owners of the *Reader's Digest* had been busy creating the editorial and business structure for the new magazine. As editor of *Selecciones*, the *Digest* selected Colombia-born and educated Eduardo Cárdenas, then head of the Editors Press Service, an agency supplying news and features to Latin-American newspapers. Mr. Cárdenas was placed in full charge of the selection and translation of all material going into the new magazine. A compact staff was set up to assist him with offices overlooking New York City's Grand Central. Thus the new magazine was constituted as a separate entity,

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fifty miles from the Chappaqua, New York, headquarters of the senior publication.

For editorial format, the *Digest* itself served as a strict model, with the exception of the advertising innovation. The convenient pocket-size was retained, as well as the type faces for the text and headings; but the paper stock was coated, permitting the use of half-tone illustrations for advertisers. The new title literally suggested itself—*Selecciones,* which is somewhat stronger than the strict English equivalent, "selections;" a better approximation would be "selective selections."

THE title, in fact, summed up the editorial policy: the new product represented the result of a double synthesis or filter. Material was drawn direct from the parent magazine, which, as a digest itself, represented the initial filtering process. But not everything in the regular edition could logically be expected to appeal to a large foreign audience. Hence only those articles and features having the necessary interest, value, and relevancy for Latin Americans were included. Most of the little editorial "hooks" that have become so characteristic of the *Reader's Digest*—the many little fillers and illustrative anecdotes—were brought over, though the popular feature, "Picturesque Speech and Patter," highlighting well-turned and onomatopoetic expressions, had to be omitted because too much was lost in translation.

This selective process was not calculated to be as restrictive as might first appear. While only half the material in any given current issue of the domestic edition might be found suitable for *Selecciones,* there was an almost inexhaustible well to draw upon from the more than two hundred back issues of the *Digest.* What about timeliness? The answer to that was timelessness. The *Digest* always prided itself, as its cover slogan testifies, upon its "articles of lasting interest." Many of these articles deal with universals, the things that keep their appeal for most people regardless of time: inspiration, self-help, health, education, achievement, humor, suspense, conflict.

Now that the magazine was organized and ready for the press, Marvin Lowes in South America and Fred Thompson in Mexico made the last-minute efforts to pave the way for the arrival of the new baby. Late in November, 1940, the first copies of the December number hit the newsstands. Things began to pop. The pessimistic dealer in Venezuela who was silver-plattered 3,000 copies, came back with a bona-fide re-order. Argentina returned for as many copies as it could get and wound up with the largest total for the first issue of any country—25,000. Next largest was Cuba, where the appearance of the new magazine was something akin to a national event: 10,000 copies were sold before you could say *Selecciones.* Mexico started out with 6,000 copies and instantly began clearing substantial newsstand space for the following issue.

But this fast get-away seems almost pedestrian compared to *Selecciones's* subsequent development. Within a year, distribution in Argentina climbed to 155,000—six times the first month's take; Mexico rocketed its 6,000 copies up to 110,000; Peru went from 2,200 to 26,000; Colombia from 4,500 to 51,200; Chile from 8,000 to 55,000; Ecuador from 1,500 to 11,000. Equally impressive are the following individual though representative items covering the record of this first year's publication: Santiago, Chile, disposed of 21,000 out of 25,000 copies of an issue within 24 hours after they were placed on the newsstand; Lima, Peru, following a sizeable increase over a preceding month, didn't have a copy left within two days of delivery; Havana, Cuba, ran through 18,000 copies in a couple of hours. The exclamation point following all this is that not a single copy ordered in all of Latin America was returned for the entire run of the first three issues.

The price for *Selecciones* varies, running from an equivalent of 9 cents in Peru to 15 cents in Chile, while *Seleções* sells for 11 cents in Brazil and 15 cents in Portugal. This compares with 25 cents for the regular edition in the United States. The lower price is possible not only because of the increased buying power of the dollar in Latin America, but because of advertising. In no sense does it indicate a cheaper product. Both the domestic and foreign editions run to 160 pages, although advertising matter in *Selecciones* and *Seleções* take up forty-five pages in each magazine. This volume of advertising, incidentally, represents only a fraction of the potential; so far more than a hundred pages of advertising have been turned down.

Both *Selecciones* and *Seleções,* in order to meet newsstand delivery schedules, must be printed three months ahead of the date of issue. This means that editorial planning frequently precedes actual distribution by about five months, taking into account the fact that copy is in preparation for some weeks before the magazine goes to press.

It might be supposed that such a span makes the publication of topical material a ticklish affair. Yet both *Selecciones* and *Seleções* have published and continue to publish a heavy quota of articles on the war—as well as on subjects of immediate interest—as does the *Digest* itself. Only on two occasions have such articles backfired because of poor timing. In December, 1941, there appeared in *Selecciones* an article by the English writer, Freda Utley, saying in effect that the United States need have no part in the war—even as the smoke had hardly cleared over Pearl Harbor. This provoked a flurry of readers' protests, which disappeared with the arrival of the January, 1942, issue containing an answering article by Wendell Willkie, "Keep the Ball Rolling." Mr. Willkie's article, too, had been in print weeks before the United States was attacked.

The other instance of a negative response grew out of an article which appeared originally in *Life* magazine in November, 1941, titled "What the Soldier Complains About." *Selecciones* reprinted it via the *Reader's Digest* in an early post-Pearl Harbor issue and caught the devil from many readers, apparently more sensitive on that point than Americans themselves.

This, however, is only lint compared to the mounting enthusiasm for both editions, measured in terms of local newspaper editorials and news items, forums and discussion groups devoted to *Selecciones* and *Seleções* articles, and, most conspicuously, the growing volume of letters of comment and commendation, many of them from leading educators, writers, public officials. A recent instance of *Selecciones's* influence was observed in Mexico, when, shortly following the publication of an article by Paul de Kruif on an effective remedy for athlete's foot that could be inexpensively concocted by the individual, large crowds flocked to the drugstores, some of which were lucky enough to have a supply of the ingredients recommended by de Kruif.

A MORE scientific way of gauging the acceptance of the magazines is through the regular monthly survey analyzing the relative popularity of articles. Over the months these surveys show that Latin Americans prefer condensations of books, articles on the war, modern science, self-help, human interest, health. These preferences are carefully studied by the editors who are anxious to make Latin Americans feel that the magazine is edited with their own tastes and interests in view, and not as the linguistic appendage of a United States periodical.

Chiefly responsible for the success

(*Continued on page* 42)

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L. A. in Art

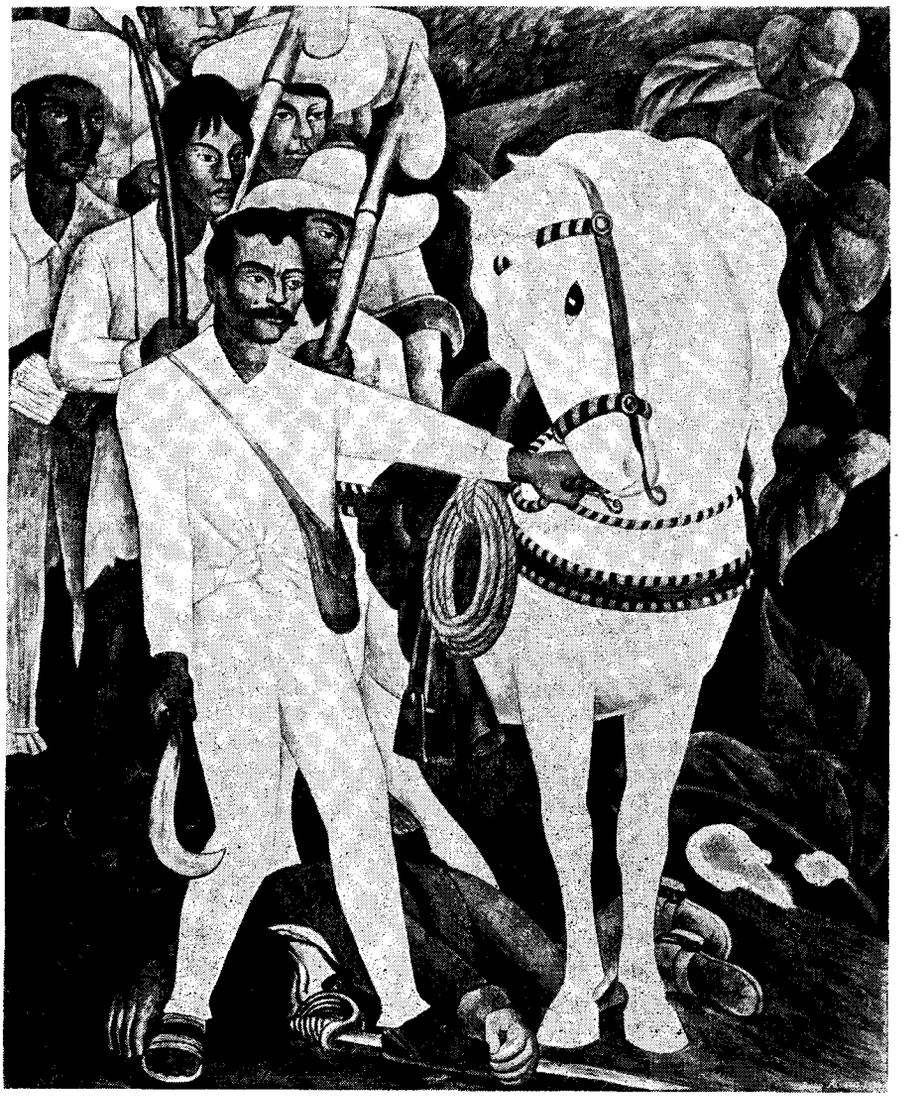
Exhibitions Are Now Touring U. S. A.

EXHIBITIONS of Latin-American Art have been in great demand in the United States during the past year. Several art organizations have assembled and circulated exhibitions which have been constantly on tour. Among these are: American Federation of Arts, American Institute of Graphic Arts, Art Institute of Chicago, International Business Machines Corporation, Museum of Modern Art, Mills College, Pan-American Union, Philadelphia Museum of Art, Riverside Museum, U. S. Office of Education, West ern Association of Art, Museum Directors.

These exhibitions have included such titles as: "Exhibition of Sculpture," by Marina Nunez del Prado; "Mexican Costume Studies," by Carlos Merida; "21st International Water Color Exhibition"; "Seventy-five Latin-American Prints"; "Twenty-five Latin-American Prints"; "Contemporary Art of the Western Hemisphere"; "Brazil Builds"; "Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros"; "Latin-American Art"; (assisted by C.I.A.A.); "United Hemisphere Poster Competition": (assisted by C.I.A.A.); "Monotypes by Urruchua" (Argentine), "Paintings and Prints by Luis Herrera Guevara" (Chile); "Archaeological Designs of Chorotegan Indians of Central America"; "Latin American Posters"; "Our Neighbor Republics."

—*Museum of Modern Art*

"Grief," by David Alfaro Siqueiros.



—*Museum of Modern Art*

Agrarian leader Zapata, 1931. Fresco by Diego Rivera.

Other important exhibitions have been organized and shown by: Philadelphia Museum: "Modern Mexican Painting" (current); Museum of Modern Art: "Hemisphere Poster Contest": (assisted by C.I.A.A.), "Brazil Builds": (assisted by C.I.A.A.), "Latin-American Art"; (current); San Francisco Museum: "Pettoruti" (Argentina)—"Camino Brent" (Peru)—"Guayasamin" (Ecuador); (assisted by C.I.A.A.). This exhibition was later shown at the St. Louis Art Museum, and the Pettoruti paintings alone were exhibited in the National Academy of Design in New York and in the William Nelson Rockhill Gallery in Kansas. (Current.)

A Contemporary Chilean Exhibition assembled by Blakemore Godwin, Director of the Toledo Museum, in collaboration with the Chilean Government and the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, has been on tour in the U. S. since March 1942. Itinerary: Toledo Museum, Columbus Museum, Pasadena Art Institute, San Francisco Museum, National Gallery, Washington, D. C., Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., Worcester Art Museum, Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

The Brooklyn Museum opened new Latin-American Galleries where their collection, including new acquisitions of Pre-Columbian and Colonial Art, will be shown permanently.

The New York dealers who have indicated an interest in Latin-American painters during the past year are Durlacher:—Urruchua (Argentine)—Herrera Guevara (Chile); Valentine:—Mme. Maria Martins (Brazil) (2 exhibitions); Tamayo (Mexico); Matisse:—Wilfredo Lam (Cuba); Downtown:—18th and 19th Century Latin-American paintings; Wildenstein:—Carlos de la Torre and Ramon Gomez Cornet (Argentina).

JOHN E. ENGLEKIRK.

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Our Books Go South

The Activities of the A. L. A. in L. A.

CARL H. MILAM and MARION A. MILCZEWSKI

A FEW years ago the United States Government received an invitation from a Latin-American government to participate in the celebration of the 400th anniversary of a great city. The communication, among other things, suggested that we send a representative collection of our books, and a man to lecture on the literature of the United States. The books would form a unit among the exhibits, and, if we wished, would become a permanent and separate collection in the new National Library which was to be dedicated as a part of the celebration.

The lecturer was provided; our Government had often sent delegates on such occasions. But what to do about the books? Our Government did not make a practice of buying books to be given away.

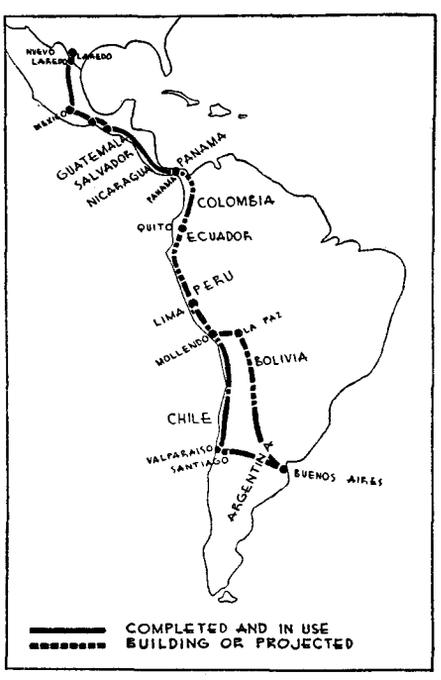
The letter was transmitted—not too hopefully, we suspect—to several agencies, including the American Library Association. Could any of us meet the request? The American Library Association as a matter of course went to its foundation friends—but without success this time. It decided not to send duplicates from library basements, turned down the suggestion that gifts be solicited from the publishers, and in the end did nothing. The Library of Congress sent some of its own publications and the Pan-American Union sent a few hundred books which it had been willing to beg from the publishers.

This weak exhibition, from a very rich country and near neighbor, was in sad contrast, it is reported, to the beautifully bound, well-rounded, and large collections from certain other countries. The other countries, unlike our own, had for several years used books, in their native language and in translation, as good will emissaries to foreign countries. That was less than a decade ago.

Now in 1943, thanks to the good-neighbor policy and thanks also to the war which loosens the purse strings for many unconventional expenditures, our Government is sending books as well as machines to our Latin-American friends. This change in policy and practice has been brought about largely by the Department of State and Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Private agencies have helped.

The largest single enterprise in the book field is the "Books for Latin America" project, operated by the A.L.A. from offices in the Library of Congress, with a substantial grant from the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. The purpose of this project is to supply United States books and periodicals without charge to Latin-American libraries which want and need them.

Approximately five hundred school, public, university, and special libraries are expected to participate. They have been chosen with the advice of many persons, including our Government's official representatives in the Latin-American countries. A few other libraries may be added later. National libraries and the cultural relations institutes are excluded because they are theoretically or actually provided for otherwise. Suggested lists of books and periodicals are sent to the libraries when they are invited to participate but each library is asked to order the books and periodicals it needs most, whether they are on our list or not. The entire allotment (in dollars) may be used for books on one subject or spread over many subjects; may be for research materials or for popular reading for adults or children. The only limitations are: the books must be in English by United States authors; the periodicals must be issued in the United States; long back files of periodicals are not to be included except possibly in very unusual cases.



Pan-American Highway for Good Neighbors.

Under this project more than $100,000.00 worth of our books and periodicals will probably be sent to Latin America in 1943.

In the past many collections of United States books presented to foreign libraries by private agencies have been scarcely more than friendly gestures because the books were treated as museum pieces rather than as part of the working library collection. That may prove to be true in some cases with these books; but every effort is being made to select libraries which can make use of books in English and to encourage the librarians to select such books as will actually be used.

Many other projects supported by the Coördinator or the State Department are also increasing the flow of United States publications to Latin America. One in which the American Council of Learned Societies and the A.L.A. are involved gives aid to cultural institutes for their libraries and other services. These institutes exist in many Latin-American cities to foster cultural relations with the United States. They teach English, arrange lectures, exhibits, and film showings, and usually maintain a small circulating library and reading room.

ANOTHER project sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies gives practical encouragement to the issuing, by Latin-American publishers, of books by U. S. authors translated into Spanish or Portuguese. Small collections of books in English are sent by the government agencies to meet specific needs. Special publications, micro-film copies and related materials are not infrequently sent to individual scholars and writers as well as to institutions.

Lest some readers think this is more than enlightened self-interest, that it is downright generosity on our part, it may be said that we in the United States have been on the receiving end for many years. Latin-American countries for decades have made generous gifts to American institutions. We are just beginning to reciprocate.

Another major enterprise of the Government which makes United States books available to readers in foreign countries is the establishment of United States libraries abroad. One opened recently in Managua, Nicaragua; another will open this spring in Montevideo. The largest one is in Mexico City.

Following extensive preliminary negotiations by the A.L.A., the Benjamin Franklin Library was opened in Mexico in April, 1941, with the President of Mexico and the United States Ambassador participating in ceremonies which were broadcast throughout Mexico and the United States. The librarian-director is Harry M. Lydenberg,

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formerly director of the New York Public Library. The library is well situated and attractively housed in a remodeled old residence near the Hotel Reforma. It has an excellent small collection of books and periodicals; a competent small Spanish-speaking staff of Americans and Mexicans, several of whom have been educated in the library schools of the United States. It provides services which are customary in our own public libraries and gives more attention than is commonly given here to classes in English and Spanish, film showings, exhibits, and other features which tend to make it a popular center. It has been very favorably received and is well used.

The library's "governmental" structure is interesting, possibly suggestive for future cultural enterprises in foreign countries. The United States Government provides the funds. The A.L.A. acted as the government's agent in setting up the library; and the A.L.A. receives and transmits government funds for its operation. But neither the Government nor the A.L.A. actually runs the library. Within a very broad framework, under a Mexican charter, the librarian-director manages the library for an autonomous board of nine directors. One is ex-officio, the superintendent of the American school. Five are elected by five independent American organizations in Mexico, such as the American Chamber of Commerce and the Junior League. These six are United States citizens resident in Mexico. In addition, there are three distinguished Mexicans appointed by the A.L.A. All are or will eventually be chosen for four year terms and may not immediately succeed themselves. The board elects its own offiecrs. At the moment the chairman is an American; the vice-president and treasurer are Mexicans.

These sample activities will illustrate the welcome change which has taken place in the past few years in the attitude of the United States Government toward the use of books in international relations.

To balance that picture it is perhaps not unfair to point out one item on the other side. At the Buenos Aires Conference in December, 1936—where a great impetus to cultural relations was given by our top delegates—several conventions were signed. One provided that each country should send books representing its life and thought to each of the other countries to be housed in the National Library. After many months the Senate ratified this agreement. But to this date, March, 1943, no funds have been appropriated to make it effective. And so far as we know no agency of the government is working very hard for such an appropriation at this time.

In some of the projects mentioned above the American Library Association was not a direct participant. In this section we speak only of A.L.A. activities.

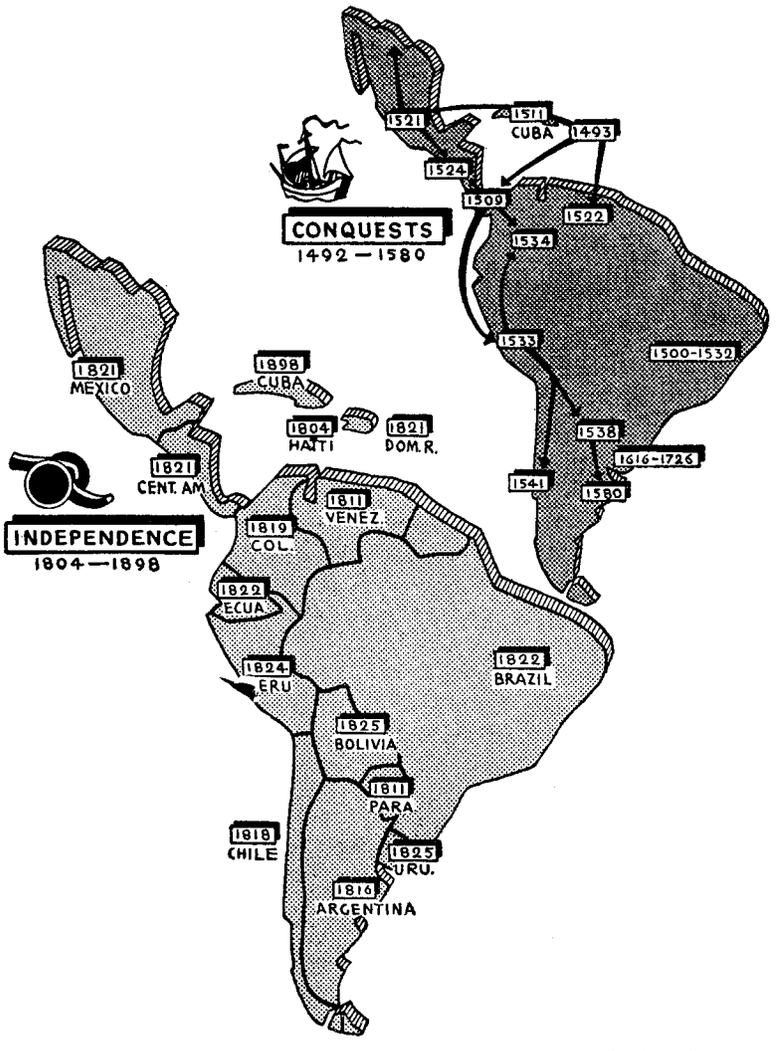
The Association has for many years carried on such coöperative work with Latin-American libraries and librarians as was possible on a voluntary basis. Occasionally special funds were available for a particular enterprise. One of the first was a tour of American libraries and attendance at an A.L.A. conference by six distinguished Mexican librarians, preceded by a visit of two American representatives to Mexico to extend the invitation; all made possible by a grant from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The good results of those visits in 1928 are still in evidence on both sides of the Rio Grande.

A FEW years ago, with aid from the Rockefeller Foundation, the A.L.A. became more active.

In 1941 we published "Introducción a la Práctica Bibliotecaria en los Estados Unidos," by Marion S. Carnovsky, a general summary of library practice in this country—the culmination of a project on which a voluntary committee had worked for many years. It was widely distributed to librarians in Latin America, and very well received for it had been prepared in response to many requests over many years.

In that year we also published "La Biblioteca Pública en los Estados Unidos," by Arthur E. Bostwick. This was a brief, popular, illustrated essay on the social philosophy and actual services of the North American public library. It was widely distributed not only to librarians but to writers, editors, educators and other individuals.

Funds from the Rockefeller Foundation also made possible the establishment of an office in Washington to serve as a clearing house on library coöperation with Latin America, which assembled information about Latin-American libraries and from which information was sent to them. A tangible and widely useful result was a "Preliminary List of Libraries in the Other American Republics," by Rodolfo O. Rivera, published in 1942 by the Government Printing Office for the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. It is the most nearly complete list ever compiled. Other minor studies were



—*From "Look at Latin America."*

Milestones in Latin-American History

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carried on during a three-year period. The publications resulting were "List of Latin-American Serials, A Survey of Exchanges Available in United States Libraries"; "Distribution of Scholarly Journals of the United States in Latin America"; "Books of Latin American Interest in Public Libraries of the United States"; and "Books on Latin-American History, A Study of Collections Available in Colleges and Universities of the United States"; all issued by the A.L.A. in 1941 and 1942.

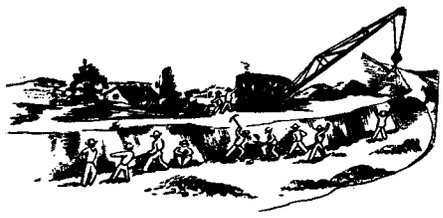
These publications, as will be understood from the titles, were primarily for the use of librarians in the United States. That is true also for several lists of books on Latin America. Two of the more recent ones are "Latin-American Books for Young Readers," by Jean Gardiner Smith, 1941; and "Our Neighbors to the South," by R. M. Gurin, 1942. These lists were issued to help North American librarians meet the growing interest in Latin America.

It is noteworthy that within the past few years the chief librarians of major libraries in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Peru, and Venezuela have come to the United States, some of them on travel grants, to observe our libraries and study our methods. Younger librarians have come to enroll in the library schools.

In response to an invitation from the Minister of Education of Colombia, the A.L.A. conducted a library school of six weeks' duration in Bogotá during July and August, 1942. Seventy-nine received diplomas. It is understood that two or three of them are about to be given fellowships for study in the United States. A special debt of gratitude is due the Ministry of Education, the National Library, and its director, Dr. Uribe White, and to Manuel Forero and Daniel Samper Ortego for their part in the success of the school. This project was made possible by a Rockefeller Foundation grant; some additional assistance was received from the Department of State.

The Association has recently received a substantial fund from the Rockefeller Foundation for assistance to the library school which is operated in São Paulo at the Escola Livre de Sociologia with Dr. Rubens Borba de Moraes of the Municipal Library as director.

Under another grant from the same source, Professor Rudolph H. Gjelsness, chairman of the Department of Library Science of the University of Michigan, who was the American director of the library school in Colombia last year, has just gone to Mexico on a project of interest to both American and Mexican libraries and scholars. He will begin the development in the Benjamin Franklin Library of a union catalogue of research materials in Mexican libraries.



Exhibits of posters, objects and books have been made in our libraries to encourage reading about the Latin-American countries; bibliographies, books, and films on library activities and methods, and other books, have been exchanged; aid has been given by Latin-American libraries in the development of special collections in our libraries; they have received assistance in library reorganization and the training of assistants. In general, it may be said that in recent years a good beginning has been made in the interchange of ideas, books, and people between the libraries of the United States and those of the other American republics.

It remains to be said that the activities we have briefly described are thought of as part of a program which should become world-wide as soon as possible. Already some preparations are being made. Current scholarly periodicals are being purchased, and some books are being donated, for distribution after the war to libraries in war areas. Information about library damage and other recent library developments in foreign countries is being assembled. The possibility of useful library participation in postwar reconstruction is being considered. We are keeping in close touch with government and private agencies concerned with cultural coöperation. Our work and planning in this field are under the supervision of an International Relations Board with a membership of six distinguished librarians. It will soon have the services of one of our most competent librarians as a full-time executive.

We believe the American people are ready for more world coöperation, and that when peace comes they will expect a prompt reopening and widening of the channels for the exchange of ideas. Librarians are eager to do their part, and they are not without some experience. At least we have been at it long enough to understand that, though it may be more blessed to give than to receive, it is *not* more profitable to teach than to learn when one is engaged in cultural relations with other countries, that a fifty-fifty exchange is about right, and nearly always possible.

Carl H. Milam is the executive secretary of the American Library Association and (Mr.) Marion A. Milczewski is executive assistant of the Books for Latin America project of the A.L.A.

Distant Footsteps

By César Vallejo

MY father sleeps. His august face
Expresses a peaceful heart.
He is so sweet now . . .
If there is anything bitter in him, it will be I.

There is solitude in the house; there is prayer;
There is no news of his sons today.
My father rouses, he listens
To the flight into Egypt, the stanching farewell.
He is so close now;
If there is anything distant in him, it will be I.

My mother walks in the orchard yonder,
Tasting a taste already tasteless.
She is so gentle now,
So much wing, so much departure, so much love.

There is solitude in the house, without a sound,
Without news, without greenness, without childhood.
And if there is anything broken this afternoon,
And if it falls or creaks,
It is two old roadways, white and curving,
And my heart goes walking down them.

This poem is from "Los heraldos negros," which will be included in "Twelve Spanish American Poets—An Anthology," edited by H. R. Hays, to be issued by the Yale University Press in May. César Vallejo was born in Santiago de Chuco, Peru. Following charges against him which were later proved to be untrue, he became an expatriate, living in Paris and Madrid. When he died in Paris in 1938, he was starving.

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The Road to American Union

FREE MEN OF AMERICA. By Ezequiel Padilla. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. 1943. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

EZEQUIEL PADILLA, Foreign Minister of Mexico, an outspoken and consistent advocate of hemisphere solidarity and energetic opposition to the Axis powers, has given us a book which no one interested in the future of this hemisphere can afford to ignore. It is perhaps one of the most effective arguments written by a prominent Latin American on behalf of economic and political coöperation of the peoples of this continent, to achieve, in a close union, social security, mutual prosperity, and lasting peace.

Those who think that they will have to wade through flowery and verbose oratory will be pleasantly surprised. Though the book covers a tremendous range, it contains a wealth of ideas, clearly and concisely expressed.

After a short historical sketch of the establishment and abolition of slavery on this continent, the author, pointing out that Mexico was the first to abrogate slavery as early as 1810, recalls all former efforts toward Pan-American unity, some of which preceded President Monroe by almost a generation. Thus Francisco Miranda, the teacher and forerunner of Bolivar in the struggle for South American independence, drafted in Paris, in 1795, a document which contained an outline for an alliance between Latin America and the United States. Henry Clay advocated the "Human Freedom League in America to embrace all nations from the Hudson Bay to the Cape Horn," and the delegates to the Congress of Panama of 1826, called by Bolivar, voted unanimously in favor of a "Treaty of Perpetual Union, League and Confederation of all American States," article 2 of which provides that:

> The object of this perpetual compact will be to maintain in common, defensively and offensively, should occasion arise, the sovereignty and independence of all and each of the confederated powers of America against foreign subjection.

Padilla demonstrates that the inspiration of the Monroe Doctrine was of Latin-American origin, except that the Latin Americans desired a reciprocal arrangement instead of a unilateral declaration. He traces the progress from these beginnings, over the period of distortions and misuses of the Monroe Doctrine, up to the present outlook for real effective solidarity and coöperation on an equal footing, as proclaimed by President Roosevelt in 1933. His brief survey of the Pan-American conferences since Blaine in 1889 concludes: "The shades of Bolivar and Monroe, now that the false interpreters of the latter have been thrown in the discard, may feel well satisfied today with the result of their work."

Other sections of the book analyze the economic causes of European imperialism, which inevitably led to war, and its repercussion on America. In the chapters "Democracy in the Americas," "Democracy and Dictatorship," and "Freedom in Latin America," he

Ezequiel Padilla

explains why progress could not have been accomplished in Latin America as rapidly as in the United States. The latter did not have to contend with the three powerful factors opposing democracy, factors inherent in the transplanted Spanish feudalism imposed on an enslaved native population. The settlers who came to North America and created the country which later became the United States did not have to struggle to curb secular power, or an army intent on retaining political rule by force, or big landowners who were unwilling to relinquish economic as well as political control.

Discussing the fallacies of racial mysticism he explains why radical differences cannot be obstacles to the union of the Americas. His main thesis, however, is that "guarantee of economic security must be the basis for inter-American solidarity." He feels that for effective inter-American solidarity, the wages of the masses in Latin America should be raised to a level similar to that of the workers in North America. The increase of their purchasing ability would bring about greater equality between North and South and contribute to the mutual prosperity of all the Americas. This can be attained by fostering industrialization of Latin America, with the help of North American capital.

Recalling in the chapter entitled "Under What Social Banner Do We Advance?" that "man's most cherished dream, the wiping out of poverty, is no longer hampered by the all-powerful hostility of nature," he proposes the organization of abundant and planned production in all the Americas with provision to assure its fair distribution. He rejects, however, the solution of this problem by methods cherished by the Communists and their fellow-travelers. He says:

> The most terrible mistake that could be made would be to attempt to put these powerful instruments for abolishing poverty under characteristic despotic systems. This would be . . . merely handing over to new minorities the exploitation of the gains of mankind in many centuries of effort.
>
> . . . reality teaches us that a dictatorship established to uphold forcibly a system of supposed equality is never exercised by the proletariat. Under this misleading abstract label, it is men of flesh and blood who take over this power, a power concentrated exclusively in a tyrannical minority and totally and absolutely non-existent for the great majority, whose sole function is to obey. Man longs for economic security, but his aversion to tyranny and irresponsible authority is just as profound. Equality of political power among the masses means a step toward the realization of economic equality and security through the will of the majority. Without the distribution of this political power to the masses, all the promises of economic equality are dependent upon the whim of the men in power.

Padilla proposes to solve this problem by carrying on industrial enterprises, largely coöperatives with mixed control, in which the government, private owners, and workers' organizations should participate.

This book deserves to be studied and remembered. It is a work of permanent value.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 471)

JOHN MASON BROWN:
INSIDES OUT

The prospect of getting home so flooded me with joy that I was confident my bedroom slippers were Seven League Boots. . . . No one had told me how your strength avoids you when a surgeon has treated your interior to a removal sale.

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THE COMMON GROUND OF THE AMERICAS

"I heard that you ask'd for something to prove this puzzle the New World."

—*Walt Whitman*

WE all agree that books are the most speedy and effective missionaries between two such cultures as our own and the Latin and Latin-Indian culture to the south of us. But what kind of books? Surely not just masterpieces of literary art. Masterpieces, when they can be found, are like the most successful screen pictures. They appeal to fundamental human nature, but they are almost sure to be intensely nationalistic. Only a Frenchman could have written "Rouge et Noir" and it could have happened only in France. Only an Englishman could have written "David Copperfield," and its story could have been told only in England. Only an American could have written "Babbitt," and its chief characters would have been incredible outside of the United States.

Hence, if we export and import only masterpieces between the two continents of the Western Hemisphere, we cannot expect complete success in a cultural interchange. The Brazilian who reads John Marquand or Ellen Glasgow or Sinclair Lewis will understand us better, but what he will learn will be our national differences from his own history. That is invaluable, of course. It is the way the Romans learned from the Greeks. And as we begin to read more extensively the vigorous fiction and poetry now being written in Mexico, Central America, and under the equator, we shall reciprocate.

But equally valuable and much less considered for its very great importance in this cultural exchange is another kind of literature, much of which does not consist of masterpieces at all. We mean the books from either hemisphere in which the sets of experiences recorded are common to pioneering races in a New World. For it should never be forgotten that in one respect we of the New World, in our latest history as in our earliest history, are transplanted peoples in a sense not known to Europe since the great migrations at the beginning of the Christian era. Whatever our origins, Spanish, Portuguese, British, Dutch, French, Italian, every day, in our commonest experiences, we still live in an environment shaped and colored and given distinctive qualities by the fact of pioneering, the fact of a frontier, the fact of a new adaptation to untried conditions resulting in civilizations which, obviously or subtly, differ from the furthest north to the furthest south from an European civilization, in spite of the fact that we have drawn our heritage of culture from abroad.

Therefore, in endeavoring to bring into new and more human contacts the so different values of the Ibero-American and the North American, more attention should be paid to the books—whether fiction, history, biography, or poetry—in which we all share a past that is understandable because, for all our racial, religious, and cultural differences, we have shared the same type of experience. Every Latin-American country has had its West, its Indian wars, its Pilgrims, its pioneers like the Jamestown pioneers, its Civil War. Every part of the North American continent has had its Conquistadores, its struggle to adapt a European culture to conditions of the wilderness, its blending of races and of tongues.

Our own literature is rich in such books—but so is the literature of New World Spanish and New World Portuguese. Our own facilities of distribution are greater than theirs. The magazines of the United States, which now are spreading through the southern continent, are going to carry national resemblances as well as national differences to their readers, who already are numbered by millions. But this is a one-way traffic only, and it is not enough. Some means must be found to give to the North American public, not only the books from the southward which will be read here because they would be read anywhere, but a far more extensive literature in which we of the New World discover a unity of imagination shaped by a common experience in world history.

The Princess Sapieha, whose marriage gave her an intimate knowledge of Poland, told a story at a recent public meeting which has suggested these remarks. The Poles, she said, had read (like many Central Europeans) only two American authors, Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis. A curious and wonderful country, so they felt the United States must be, but unsympathetic. There was no background of suffering, no basis for patriotism, no sense that at any time the American had expected to risk his life for his soil or for his country. Then came "Gone with the Wind," no literary masterpiece of art perhaps, though it is too soon to tell, but a revelation. Americans, it seemed, had an understandable past, a past which was not made up exclusively of invention, progress, and manifest destiny. When reading this book, their hearts warmed to the United States.

Let those whose concern it is to promote Pan-American relation consider this. If books are to be ambassadors of good will, what are the books in all languages which tell us what it means to be sprung from the New World? Let such books be added to the better known volumes which interpret the New Englander or the Mid-Westerner to the Guatemalan or the Peruvian (or vice versa) in terms of their differences. Let us share the experiences we have had in common as adventurers across the seas.

H. S. C.

The Song

By Starr Nelson

SOME shall not taste of death sings the hurricane
To the tumultuous forest when the lords of these—
Pine and hemlock, tamarack and cedar trees—
Fall in green swaths to the wind and the needled rain.
Some shall not taste of death sings the sun-colored wave
Of forest fire flooding the blue eyries
Of gold-eyed eagles, hives of wild-honey-bees,
The glades of spangled fawns, the umber cave
Of the panther. Love sings to the girls who stand
With that dark wind in their hair, the rain on their breasts,
And searing flames like flowers in their hands—
Some shall not taste of death.
Earth's bloodiest wars attest
These powers. The sword in his ribs' last breath
Sings to the warrior *Some shall not taste of death.*

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Writers and the War

SIR:—I read with keen interest the Round Table Discussion on "Shall We Writers Fail Again?" As I read what the writers write and listen to what the talkers talk about why our world goes to war, and what can be done to keep it from collapse, I am impressed by the omission of what seems to me to be a fundamental concept.

The discussions that go on have chiefly to do with the economic, the political, the moral, and the spiritual aspects of man and his ways. True, we behave the way we do because of what we want economically, politically, morally, and spiritually. But primarily, what we do in these respects depends upon what we are biologically. It is this biological factor that is left out of the discussions. Obviously, a biological factor is fundamental and should not be left out. Who would start to build his house at the third floor without a foundation?

What is the best form of government? A democracy, a monarchy, a totalitarian state? And, in the answers, the pros and cons are argued on the political, economic, or moral levels. The discussion starts on a superficial basis. It would seem more helpful to start at the bottom and say that presumably the most satisfactory order of society or form of government would be the one which best complies with the nature of man. What is the nature of man? Is this the biological factor I mean? Can the nature of man with its many interrelated forces (electro-chemico-physical, emotional, intellectual, etc.) be crystallized into a simple unit? The formulation of the nature of man in terms of a fundamental behavior pattern is possible and, while obviously an over-simplification, offers on a biological level a working unit which logically should be the basis of considerations and plans for an adequate social order. If the nature of man can be defined and a form of government found to fit, then the political, economic, and other aspects of government may be handled in terms of the underlying needs.

How may the nature of man be defined so that it may be of use as a working unit? Man is an individual, but he is also a herd animal. From this point of view he may be called a living unit of dual nature. The drives and forces of these two components (ego and group-animal) are opposite. This dual unit is an unceasingly dynamic system, like a see-saw with the individual at one end and the herd animal at the other. Man is constantly changing from his egoistic to his social side. This constitutes the fundamental, biological pattern of his behavior. The function of government should be to maintain a dynamic equilibrium in this living, moving, changing system.

Communism, Fascism, or Naziism, with the state dominant, will weigh down the see-saw at the herd animal end, and the individual will be left helpless in the air. On the other hand, anarchy, or an unbalanced democracy by overstressing the individual end of this living unit, will likewise upset the equilibrium.

A form of government which allows for the moving, changing nature of man is a balanced democracy such as the one Vice-President Wallace had in mind when he proposed a Bill of Duties for us in addition to the Bill of Rights. Rights and duties are expressions for man's behavior on the moral level—rights for his ego, duties for his group instincts—. Here is a system of moral democracy which fits the biological pattern.

By the use of this concept of a fundamental biological unit a proper evaluation of government may be made. Questions concerning any measure or system of government may be answered in terms of its ability to keep the balance between the individual man and the group. What is upsetting to that equilibrium is ipso facto undesirable. Furthermore, the moral level of rights and duties make a poor yardstick by the token that there are various standards of what makes right and what duties are. Likewise, political and economic standards present many varied values and therefore are not as reliable as the biological basis, the relative constancy of which offers a simpler and surer criterion.

The inherent limitations in all government, the inflexibilities which develop as a result of organization, may possibly be handled more understandingly when dealt with in terms of the real function of government, namely, keeping the biological balance. Governments, complex and cumbersome, tend to become static. They are then out of step with the moving, changing needs of man. Institutions arise and increasingly as they endure they tend to become ends in themselves, often enshrined and holy, with few remaining traces of their original functional value only. When government becomes an end in itself and is wielded for power it obviously interferes with the vital swing of man's nature and upsets the apple-cart. With the biological standard it would seem that such evils might be more easily corrected.

ALICE R. BERNHEIM (M.D.)
New York City.

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87 BEST AMERICAN HUMOROUS SHORT STORIES. 95c
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47 CANDIDE *by Voltaire.* 95c
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12 GROWTH OF THE SOIL *by Knut Hamsun.* 95c
140 LIFE OF JESUS. *Ernest Renan.* 95c
44 IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES *by W. B. Yeats.* 95c
28 MADAME BOVARY. *Flaubert.* 95c
31 DRACULA *by Bram Stoker.* 95c
35 HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME *by Victor Hugo.* 95c
141 COMPLETE WORKS OF HORACE 95c
112 A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA *by Richard Hughes.* 95c
8 SISTER CARRIE *by Theodore Dreiser.* 95c
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20 I, CLAUDIUS *Robert Graves.* 95c
38 COMPLETE POEMS *Francis Thompson.* 95c
74 HUMAN BEING *by Christopher Morley.* 95c
86 THE RENAISSANCE *by Walter Pater.* 95c
88 FLOWERING JUDAS *by Katherine Anne Porter.* 95c

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Latin Americana

Selected Reading on the Good Neighbors

The following list has been prepared by a committee of the Instituto Internacional de Literatura Iberoamericana. Members of the committee included C. K. Jones, John Englekirk, and Dr. Nichols.

Alegría, Ciro. Broad and Alien is the World. Tr. by Harriet de Onís. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. A contemporary prize-winning novel of Peru.

Anghiera, Pietro Martire d'. De Orbe Novo, the Eight Decades of Peter Martyr d'Anghera; tr. by Francis Augustus MacNutt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912. 2 v.

Azevedo, Aluizio. A Brazilian Tenement, tr. by Harry W. Brown. New York: R. M. McBride and Company. 1926. A novel.

Azuela, Mariano. The Under Dogs. Tr. by E. Munguía, Jr. New York: Brentano's. 1929. The best known novel of the Mexican revolution.

Baxter, Sylvester. Spanish Colonial Architecture in Mexico. Boston: J. B. Millet, 1901.

Belaúnde, Víctor André. Bolívar and the Political Thought of the Spanish-American Revolution. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1938.

Bierstadt, Edward Hale, ed. Three Plays of the Argentine: Juan Moreira, Santos Vega, The Witches' Mountain; tr. by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. New York: Duffield and Company. 1920.

Blackwell, Alice Stone. Some Spanish-American poets. 2. ed. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1937. Includes the Spanish texts with English translations.

Bolton, Herbert Eugene. The Spanish Borderlands; a Chronicle of Old Florida and the Southwest. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1921.

Brenner, Anita. Idols Behind Altars. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1929.

Bryce, James. South America, Observations and Impressions. New ed., cor. and rev. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917.

Callcott, Wilfrid Hardy. Church and State in Mexico, 1822-1857. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1926.

Liberalism in Mexico, 1857-1929. Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 1931.

Calogeras, João Pandia. A History of Brazil. Tr. and ed. by Percy Alvin Martin. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1939. (The Inter-American historical series.)

Carlson, Fred Albert. Geography of Latin America. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1936.

Chapman, Charles Edward. Colonial Hispanic America: A History. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938.

Republican Hispanic America: A History. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937.

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Clark, Marjorie Ruth. Organized Labor in Mexico. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1934.

Coester, Alfred. The Literary History of Spanish America. 2d ed. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928.

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Craig, George Dundas. The Modernist Trend in Spanish-American Poetry. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press. 1934. The poems are in Spanish and English.

Díaz del Castillo, Bernal. The True History of the Conquest of Mexico. Tr. by Maurice Keatinge. New York: R. M. McBride & Company. 1938.

Educational Yearbook of the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. 1942. Includes papers by Latin-American educators.

Enock, Charles Reginald. The Republics of Central and South America, Their Resources, Industries, Sociology, and Future. 2d ed. rev. New York: C. Scribner's Sons; London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 1922.

Ecuador: Its Ancient and Modern Civilization, History, and Political Conditions, Topography and Natural Resources, Industries, and Social Development. London: T. F. Unwin. 1914.

Evans, Henry Clay, Jr. Chile and Its Relations with the United States. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1927.

Fergusson, Erna. Venezuela. New York, London: A. A. Knopf. 1939.

Fernández de Lizardi, José Joaquín. The Itching Parrot. Tr. by Katherine Anne Porter. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1942. One of the earliest Mexican novels, of the Period of Independence.

Fitts, Dudley, ed. Anthology of Contemporary Latin-American Poetry. Norfolk, Conn.: Editorial New Directions. 1942.

Flores, Angel (with Dudley Poore) ed. Fiesta in November. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942.

Frank, Waldo, America Hispana. South of Us; the Characters of the Countries and the People of Central and South America. New York: Garden City Publishing Co., Inc. 1940.

Frank, Waldo, ed. Tales From the Argentine. Tr. by Anita Brenner. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1930.

Galdames, Luis. A History of Chile. Tr. and ed. by Isaac Joslin Cox. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1941. (The Inter-American Historical Series.)

Gallegos, Rómulo. Doña Bárbara, tr. by Robert Malloy. New York: J. Cape and H. Smith. 1931.

Gann, Thomas William Francis. The History of the Maya from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Thomas Gann and J. Eric Thompson. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. 1931.

García Calderón, Francisco. Latin America: Its Rise and Progress. Tr. by Bernard Miall. London: T. F. Unwin. 1913.

Garcilaso de la Vega. First Part of the Royal Commentaries of the Yncas, tr. by Clements R. Markham. London, 1869-71. 2 v. (Works issued by the Hakluyt Society, No. 41, 45.)

Goldberg, Isaac. Brazilian Literature. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1922.

Goodwin, Philip L. Brazil builds. Construcão Brasileira. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1943.

Griffin, Charles Carroll, ed. Concerning Latin American Culture; Papers read at Byrdcliffe, Woodstock, New York, August 1939. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. Includes a chapter on contemporary Latin American music, by William Berrien.

Gruening, Ernest Henry. Mexico and Its Heritage. New York; London: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. 1940.

Guggenheim, Harry Frank. The United States and Cuba; A Study in International Relations. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934.

Güiraldes, Ricardo. Don Segundo Sombra; Shadows on the Pampas. Tr. by Harriet de Onís. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1935.

Guzmán, Martin Luis. The Eagle and the Serpent. Tr. by Harriet de Onís. New York: Knopf. 1930. A novel of the Mexican revolution.

Henao, Jesús María and Arrubla, Gerardo. History of Colombia. Tr. and ed. by J. Fred Rippy. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1938. (The Inter-American Historical Series.)

Hernández, José. The Gaucho Martin Fierro. Tr. by Walter Owen. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1936.

—Colonial Architecture in Brazil.

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Hill, Lawrence Francis. Diplomatic Relations Between the United States and Brazil. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1932.

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Robertson, William Spence. History of the Latin-American Nations. 2d ed., rev. and enl. New York, London: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. 1937.

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Simpson, Eyler Newton. The Ejido; Mexico's Way Out. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1937.

Spence, Lewis. The Myths of Mexico & Peru. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931.

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Stuart, Graham Henry. Latin America and the United States. 3d ed., thoroughly rev. New York, London: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. 1938.

Tannenbaum, Frank. The Mexican Agrarian Revolution. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929.

Torres Rioseco, Arturo. The Epic of Latin American Literature. New York; London: The Oxford University Press. 1942.

Ugarte, Manuel. Destiny of a Continent. Ed., with an introduction and bibliography, by J. Fred Rippy. Tr. by Catherine A. Phillips. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1925.

Vaillant, George C. Aztecs of Mexico. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1941.

Verissimo, Erico. Crossroads. Tr. by L. C. Kaplan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. A contemporary Brazilian novel.

Whitbeck, Ralph Hughes and Williams, Frank Ernest. Economic Geography of South America. 3d ed. New York and London: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1940.

Wilgus, Alva Curtis. The Development of Hispanic America. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941.

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Inside Chile

CHILE, A GEOGRAPHIC EXTRAVAGANZA. By Benjamin Subercaseaux. Translated by Angel Flores. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 255 *pp.* $3.

CHILE. By Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

CHILE has always been one of the favorite countries for travellers to the south; now this liking is given satisfying documentation. One outsider, one insider contribute volumes of interpretation. Read together, and then read with Robert McCutcheon McBride's older "Chile, Land and Society," the armchair student of this curious geographic creation will be well repaid.

Benjamin Subercaseaux is a Chilean, one of the most versatile and vexing of the younger crop of writers in a land where writing is everyone's second business. He is always getting into the hair of his brother Chileans—right and left. Of late months, before Chile finally broke with the Axis, he was threatened with jail for his impudence in saying that the Germans really were abusing Chilean hospitality. He is always rubbing Chile's "nice people" the wrong way, and the publication of his "Chile O Una Loca Geografía" didn't help any. He says that those "nice people" don't even go walking in the parks, but "live distressedly in a slothful moroseness which is one of the symbols of their decadence."

Now Subercaseaux turns his hand to writing a geography book. Obviously he is no geographer; rocks and desert sands and coast lines are just items to be enjoyed. Furthermore he is no economist. "Current geographies are *economic*," he notes, "as if written for merchants." He is impatient with his fellow Chileans who spend their lives "gazing at the agricultural and administrative belly bottom of the country." He likes birds and sunsets better. When he makes the mournful discovery that agriculture in the central valley is not conspicuously fruitful, he blithely proposes to abolish the wheat fields (Chileans can buy all that sort of stuff from Argentina), plant forests. He would erase the boundary between Chile and Argentina, have Chile quit its uneconomic farming. Well, maybe, but the reader gathers that Mr. Subercaseaux is primarily interested in having a Chile which will delight his eyes.

Mr. Subercaseaux takes us by the hand and leads us all of the 2,660 miles from the blistered nitrate fields of the Northern desert to the cold wet isolation of Tierra del Fuego. This "crazy geography" he breaks down into five parts. The northernmost sector is "The Land of Tranquil Mornings"—a mountaineous desert stretch whose poetry would not be lost upon any who have learned to understand Arizona; sparsely populated; violet pink or copper-colored mountains, the bluest of skies—a "heap of slate, eruptive rocks, lava, and pumice." Here the rivers are but "corpses"—little lost brooks. The cities are fugitive affairs. "Arica," he writes, "is the city which everyone visits but where none remains. It seems to me the Pacific Hotel has never yet collected a weekly bill." Nitrates furnish the chief employment, a bitter one at best. Of the workers he writes: "all of them live here 'temporarily' all their lives."

Then he cuts off a second sector, the "near North," which he calls the "Land of the Interrupted Path"—an area which is still mostly desert, but whose larger irrigated plots make possible vineyards and some fertile fields; and area chiefly given over to mining—every miner is apt to be a farmer as well. The whole region reminds the writer of the Holy Land.

"The Land of the Snow-Capped Wall" is his term for the valley of Santiago, and its aptness will appeal to every visitor to that city. Every city street has a mountain peak at its end. The city's illusiveness is well portrayed. Despite all date lines, there is little old about it; it is "the least colonial city of the Pacific Coast." So Subercaseaux goes on to describe the

(*Continued on page* 39)

THE CHILEAN POPULAR FRONT. By John Reese Stevenson. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1943. 155 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE CARR

WE in the United States, who are accustomed in our presidential elections to a simple choice between Mr. Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, and some Republican, find it difficult to imagine a situation in which at least twelve major parties are battling in the political arena, as is the case in Chile. But to conclude, as Mr. Stevenson does, that Chile as recently as 1932 was "still politically disintegrated" simply because there were five candidates for president that year seems unduly harsh. After all, there might have been twelve.

Throughout his little book, Mr. Stevenson's judgments are betrayed by his own facts. His work reads rather like a Ph.D. thesis, and as such is marked by an obviously meticulous effort to report his factual findings. Therein, of course, lies its value. But after pursuing the goddess of impartiality, Mr. Stevenson is apparently appalled by her granite face, and tries to hide it behind a set of conclusions which are quite unsupported by his carefully assembled material.

Here are some of the facts that Mr. Stevenson presents: The Chilean Development Corporation, established by the Popular Front to assist industry, increase production, raise the standard of living, and improve the balance of trade, is admitted even by Chilean Rightists to have been a remarkable success. Wages under the Popular Front increased twenty-four to forty-three per cent. Fifteen million free breakfasts and lunches were provided for hungry school children. "In the year 1940 alone, forty new schools of practical agriculture and 283 primary schools were put into operation; and in the same year a fund of three million pesos was appropriated for the establishment and maintenance of twelve industrial schools." Trade unions have increased by over one hundred per cent. "Despite an obstructionist and resourceful opposition, the Frontist leaders were always scrupulously careful to respect civil liberties and to act strictly within the framework of the Constitution."

Here is Mr. Stevenson's appraisal of these facts:

> The general conclusion about the Popular Front as an instrument of government must be this: Taking as our standard of judgment its pre-

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election campaign promises, the Popular Front was a failure; using, on the other hand, the records of previous regimes and the Chilean political mores as our frame of reference, we may assert in all honesty that the Popular Front gave the Chilean people no worse than a mediocre administration.

Surely Mr. Stevenson is not so politically naive as to put any faith in campaign promises, in Chile any more than in the United States. And equally surely there is nothing in Mr. Stevenson's own record of the past twenty years of Chilean politics, with their dictatorships, political coups, and occasional palliatives of completely unenforced social legislation, that can in any way stand against the definite accomplishments of the Popular Front. The Popular Front under Aguirre was the equivalent of the New Deal in Mr. Roosevelt's first five or six years. Both promised more than they fulfilled. But both gave the mass of the people not only certain very tangible benefits, but a philosophy of government for all the people.

Mr. Stevenson says that the Popular Front in Chile died when the *formal* coalition of parties under that title came to an end early in 1941. He contends that the 1942 election of President Rios (who was supported by a coalition of the Left and Center parties) over Ibañez (who was supported only by the extreme Right and the Nazis) cannot be considered a Frontist victory; his reason is that "there was not in existence in the preëlection period any such thing as a Popular Front organization, nor was any convention held to select the candidate of the united Left." This, while technically correct, strikes me again as politically naive. "Actually the Popular Front was nothing more nor less than a political alliance of the Left," says Mr. Stevenson at one point. Actually a political alliance of the Left elected Rios.

The truth is that the formal combinations and permutations of political parties so preoccupy Mr. Stevenson that he tends to ignore the basic underlying fact of all Chilean politics. This is the determination of the large landowners, the haciendados, to keep in their own hands the political power they have exercised ever since the war of independence—a power that was never seriously threatened until the formation of the Popular Front. It is precisely in the light of this bitter and continuing struggle that the Popular Front—under whatever name—takes on a significance which Mr. Stevenson appears to overlook. I doubt that the Chilean masses will overlook or soon forget it.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Central America

THE NEW WORLD GUIDE to Mexico and Central America. Edited by E. P. Hanson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

THIS handy guide book, comprised of individually written pamphlets on each of the Ten Republics north of the Canal Zone plus Puerto Rico, contains in addition several general essays on such subjects as "How To Use Your Travel Agent" and "The Catholic Holidays." By virtue of these interesting "extras" the volume rises out of the category of mere reference book, and can fit on a reader's travel bookshelf as sort of a poor man's Gunther, allowing the reader the pleasure of making up his own adventure.

Because travel outside the United States is restricted for the duration of the war except to railbound countries, this book is more likely to be dreamed over than used. Its authors, though, must have realized this, for they have leavened the maze of facts with evocative impressions of what pleasures other than mere sightseeing, the tourist might enjoy in exotic spots.

From a purely practical point of view the volume appears to be well selected and edited. In each country individual treatment is given such important matters as food, rates of exchange, etc., and the towns and villages are set in practical, rather than alphabetical, order—that is they follow the road, and rail routes in order of appearance. The handling of individual towns and villages is, on the whole, excellent. No matter how small and insignificant the place, if it is likely to be met in travel, it is described, its importance suggested, its history sketched in, and the matter of food and board discussed.

"Swift-moving biographical history."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

Passengers to Mexico

THE LAST INVASION OF THE AMERICAS

By BLAIR NILES

THE story of the French invasion of Mexico is told not only in terms of Maximilian, the tragic Carlota, and Juarez, but through other eye-witnesses — Sara Yorke, aged fifteen, Thomas Corwin, Lincoln's Minister to Mexico, and Princess Salm-Salm, a bewitching American-born girl whose life was a fabulous adventure. From these personal lives Blair Niles has woven a sparkling history, vibrating with the underlying theme of the struggle between the Old World and the New.

Index, 390 pages, $3.00

FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE FIGURES released by Lawrence Spivak, of the 1943 Victory Book Campaign, were such a sad reflection on the apathy of readers in the metropolitan district that I threw away the lead paragraph for this week's Trade Winds in the hope that I might prod you into a little constructive action. The total number of books donated in the entire New York area is under 400,000, and, of this number, 180,000 came direct from the publishers. It is not too late to make that showing a little more respectable. In Germany they burned books. Here at home, for Heaven's sake, let's put them where they will do the most good. Send them to *The Saturday Review* office if you're puzzled about a place to deposit them. A slogan worth remembering is: "If it's a book you want to keep, it's a book you ought to give." The Armed Forces are likely to print books of their own next year; this may be the last chance you have of performing a particularly useful—and painless—service for the country. . . .

IF I HAD NOT READ THIS ITEM with my own eyes in the drama page of *The New York Times,* you'd never make me believe it: "Theodore Dreiser has been engaged by Monogram Pictures to write an original screenplay for a musical under the title 'Lady Let's Dance'—to feature Belita, the English skating star." They'll have him skating in it, too, first thing you know! . . . There is a refreshing surge of life in recent issues of *The New York Times Book Review.* Credit Bob Van Gelder and Lester Markel who are the new guides of its destinies. Markel also guides the destinies of a daughter named Helen, but judging by a piece she has contributed to the April *Good Housekeeping,* she will soon be strictly on her own. Her thesis is that phony excuses to persistent young suitors only postpone evil days. "To heck with lies and compromises," she counsels glamorous debutantes. "The next time a young wolf presses for a date, simply say, 'Look, I can't stand the sight of you.' Results are guaranteed." My, my, what is the younger generation coming to? . . . In case you didn't know, a wolf is a goon who takes out a sweater girl, and then tries to pull the wool over her eyes. . . . Other recommended magazine articles: a profile of Harold Ross in the current *Harper's,* and David Hume's "My Own Life" in *Encore.* . . . The world of books will mourn the death of Dr. Rudolf Kommer. His taste was impeccable and his friends without number.

THE JUNE SELECTIONS of the Book-of-the-Month Club will be Isak Dinesen's "Winter's Tales" and David Pilgrim's "Combined Operations." Pilgrim is the pseudonym of Hillary St. George Saunders, who is the only Britisher whose literary works have outsold Hitler's. His previous books, published anonymously, and read by millions, were "Battle for Britain" and "Bomber Command." As for Isak Dinesen, this is her third Book Club selection out of three tries (the other two were "Seven Gothic Tales" and "Out of Africa"). I know of no other author who has enjoyed the distinction of having every one of her books so honored. . . . The June Literary Guild selection will be "Mr. Lincoln's Wife," by Ann Colver. . . . It is reported that Jay Allen and Katherine Anne Porter have finished their often announced and postponed new books. I'll believe it when I see them. Allen's book is called "The Day Will End: A Personal Adventure Behind the Nazi Lines." Miss Porter's novel bears the title "No Safe Harbor." . . .

A MONTH AGO Random House sent out a press release announcing a forthcoming book of war letters from men and women in the armed forces, and asking for contributions. Since that time the office of Harry Maule, who is editing the book, has looked like the home of that lady who received a million or so pennies from people who had heard her on a radio program. The Spartan Mr. Maule dug himself out of the avalanche to tell me he wants still more contributions. "Funny thing," he commented in a slightly grieved tone. "Out of all the thousands of letters that have come in, there's not a single one from the Coast Guard!" Harry Maule's address is 20 East 57th Street, New York City. . . .

A YOUNG LADY whom I meet infrequently, but admire enormously, brought me up sharply in a chance encounter on Fifth Avenue yesterday. "You always used to refer to yourself as 'the boy publisher,'" she pointed out mercilessly. "Now it's always 'poor old Cerf.' If you don't look out, other people will begin to think along similar lines!" Panicked by this unbearable thought, I bought a bow tie, crawled around the floor for an hour with my twenty-month-old Christopher, and wrote a long letter to Bubbles Schinasi, the youngest literary glamour girl since that Daisy Something-or-other wrote "The Young Visiters" at the age of nine. . . . "What with publishers cutting down the size of all their books because of the paper shortage," comments Stanley Rinehart, "wouldn't it be funny if Pocket Books were the biggest in the country this time next year!" . . . H. I. Phillips, creator of Private Purkey, is at work on "All-Out Arlene," the story of a Brooklyn girl who joined the WAACs, scheduled to appear under the imprimatur of Doubleday, Doran. . . . Lippincott's are also readying a WAAC-y story. Theirs is by Third Officer Elizabeth Pollock and Ruth Duhme, and is called "Yes, Ma'am." . . . Vincent Starrett claims this to be an authentic "schoolboy howler" from Chicago: "Sir Walter Raleigh, walking one day through the streets of Coventry, was surprised to see a naked lady riding on a horse. He ran to see both the horse and the lady, and suddenly recognized the latter. It was none other than Queen Elizabeth. Quickly throwing his richly embroidered cloak around her, he said "Honi soit qui mal y pense" which means "You need this, Queenie, a lot more than I do." "Dieu et mon droit" murmured the Queen, which was her way of saying "My God, you're right!" . . . It sounds to me like a product of the Argus Bookshop's Ben Abramson, Chicago's leading bibliophile, button fancier, and frustrated author. . . .

THE IMPENDING big league baseball season will be unique in many respects. The war has picked off the most lustrous stars; on the diamond this year it's smart to be fifty. The noble athletes have foregone their conditioning jaunts to Florida and California in favor of setting-up exercises in local gymnasiums and college playgrounds. Schedules have been scrambled to eliminate as much travel as possible. And yet, despite a certain let-down in the calibre of play, the crowds will probably be bigger than ever, including thousands of amusement seekers to whom automobiles, green fields, and the seashore will be but poignant memories. Last year I erred slightly on the potentialities of the Giants and the White Sox, thereby evoking raucous jibes from John Kieran, Tom Coward, and Norman Cousins. This year the final standings can hold few surprises. The fleet-footed Cards are the class of the National League. They'd steal first base if the rules permitted. Sir Anthony Eden's gracious words of tribute add an unexpected dash of éclat to the Dodgers, but the defenders of the Gowanus Canal could have used a good shortstop more readily. Without Reiser and Reese they should have all they can do to puff in second. The rest of the league is out of sight. The Giants, as usual, have invested about a dollar thirty for new talent and have all the color of cold

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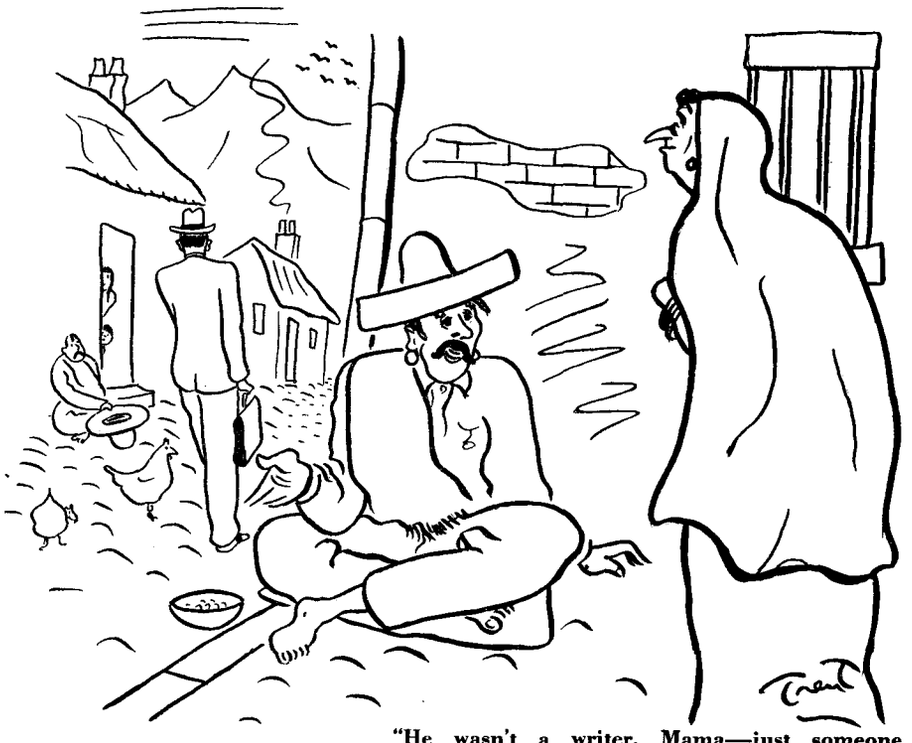
mashed potatoes. In the so-called junior circuit, the Yanks have all the edge again, but it would be a fine thing for the game if the up-and-coming Browns were to head them off. I liked the way a leading star, back from two trips to the fighting front, modestly referred to an even more dangerous mission that loomed in the offing. "They're sending me back to the International League," he explained, "for a little more seasoning!" . . .

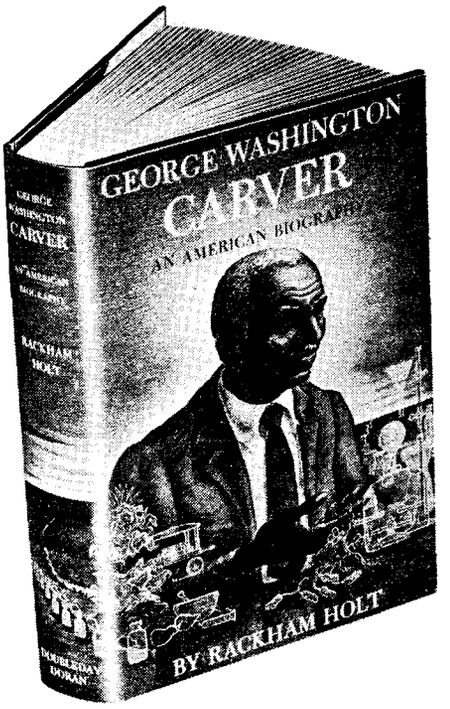
HOLLYWOOD: . . . . One of the worst massacres ever perpetrated on a fine book is Orson Welles's production of the Eric Ambler spy classic, "Journey into Fear." Maybe it's Art to light sets so badly that the spectator hasn't the faintest idea of who is saying what, but I found it only irritating. Welles's own performance of a Turkish secret-service chief is a major contribution to relief of the ham shortage. . . . Walt Disney's "Saludos Amigos" is one of his greatest films, fine propaganda and superlative entertainment at the same time. Some of the color work is so beautiful that the audience in the neighborhood theatre where I caught the film applauded in delight. . . . Warner Brothers have bought the film rights to "The White Clouds," the new novel by Henry Bellamann, whose "King's Row" broke all established rules by reappearing on best-seller lists six months after it had been relegated to oblivion. Simon and Schuster will publish "The White Clouds" in the Fall. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has acquired Berry Fleming's "Colonel Effingham's Raid" for an announced price of $35,000. For all I know, that price is on the level, but many is the time my own firm has sold film rights to a book for a certain sum only to see it several times multiplied in the press. . . . Fritz Lang's production of "Hangmen Also Die" is an impressive story of the Nazi assassin Heydrich. The entire executive committee of the Writers' Board attended a preview in a body, and exited singing the praises of an actor named Alexander Granach, whose portrayal of a Gestapo chief was so brilliant that he stole all the honors from the better-known headliners. Watch that man! . . . Talking about convincing performances, I heard a story about Paul Muni that bears retelling. Muni, whose real name is Muni Weisenfreund, first won fame in the Jewish theatre. One of the roles that brought him stardom was that of a coal miner. In the second act finale, he led a delegation to plead for higher wages from a flint-hearted mine owner, who threw him out, but got what he deserved in a rousing third act climax. One night Muni's entire family attended the show, and the young star put everything he had into the performance. So eloquent, in fact, was his description of the starving wives and babes of the miners that at the height of his plea, the actor who was playing the owner suddenly burst into tears, and cried "Stop! Stop! You're breaking my heart. Of course, you can have a raise!" They got the curtain down somehow or other, and the manager had to explain that just before the third act began the wicked owner had experienced another change of heart, and decided to lock the miners out after all. . . . .

BENNETT CERF.



"He wasn't a writer, Mama—just someone from the Gallup Poll asking for my opinion!"

"He has made the dry earth blossom and new marvels come to pass."—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT



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Latin-American Verse

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY LATIN AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by Dudley Fitts. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1942 *xxi,* 667 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSÉ JUAN ARROM

ALTHOUGH poetry had been abundantly written in Latin America since the very time of the Conquest, it did not reach its fullest artistic development until the turn of the XIX century. Then, with the innovations of the *modernistas,* carried to their peak by the eclectic genius of Rubén Darío, Hispanic America took the lead in the poetic production of the Spanish-speaking world. After this brilliant coming of age, the bards in the Latin part of the Western Hemisphere have continued with vigorous activity finding new paths towards wider poetic horizons. This latter period is the one Mr. Fitts surveys in his highly commendable anthology.

Mr. Fitts sets his chronological limit specifically between 1916, the year in which Darío died, and 1942. Likewise he defines his geographical boundaries to include Brazil and Haiti—where Portuguese and French are respectively the official languages—as well as Puerto Rico and the eighteen Spanish-speaking republics. In this way the title of the book is very appropriate. The material chosen constitutes a really contemporary anthology which represents the poetic production of the complete Latin-American world.

The comprehensiveness of this book perhaps is a more commendable effort from the political point of view than from the solely artistic, for poetry does not hold the same high level in every Latin-American country. In his desire to have at least one author representing each country, the editor has included at times poems which increase the quantity though not necessarily the quality of the selection. On the other hand, it should be pointed out that Mr. Fitts has succeeded, within his extensive treatment, in giving a sense of proportion to his selections. For instance, Mexico, Argentina, and Peru are represented by ten or more poets while the smaller Central American republics contribute only two or three names each. Likewise, it is to Mr. Fitts's credit that, while he includes some men whose artistic reputation has not yet reached first rank, he has not omitted from his anthology the names of those who are without question the leading poets of Latin America. He should be complimented for the diligent research which the material he has collected represents and for the judicious way in which he has handled it.

In translating the poems, the editor has made his staff adhere to the principle of giving an exact rendering, even if "this has meant the sacrifice of sonal and metrical effects in the interest of a greater literal fidelity." Some readers, especialy those who have no knowledge at all of Spanish, Portuguese, or French, would have preferred to see greater liberty given to the translators so that more of the color and rhythm of the originals might have been carried over into English. Others, no doubt, will agree with Mr. Fitts that such renderings would necessitate in most cases the remaking of the poem. Be that as it may, the indisputable fact is that the translations in this book deserve frank praise because, without being mere trots, they can be completely depended upon for their accuracy. The painstaking care of the editor is particularly evident in the translations of regional words such as the many appearing in the Afro-Antillian poems.

Leaving aside these technicalities, this book is a worthy contribution towards the better understanding of our Latin neighbors. Poetry has such a predominant place in the intellectual life of the Southern part of our hemisphere, that through this anthology one can get a fairly good insight into the Latin-American mind. Furthermore, the lover of poetry for poetry's sake will be able to acquaint himself with the works of such prominent writers as Pablo Neruda, Jorge Luis Borges, Nicolás Guillén, Ramón López Velarde, and César Vallejo, to mention but a few. The panoramic view offered by Mr. Fitts is, therefore, not only a sound introduction to the study of contemporary Latin-American poetry, but also a fundamental step towards establishing a lasting basis for mutual friendship between the Americas.

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Emperor Jones in the Desert

FORGOTTEN FRONT. By John Lear. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1943. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

PARTS of the Peruvian coastal desert, with its great crescent dunes, its drifting sands that sometimes sweep up a thousand feet or more over the suffocating hills of the Andes, are among the most majestic and foreboding spectacles contrived by Nature. Few places provide a better backdrop for an epic drama. To seek help for their Condor plane, forced down in the heart of the ferociously hot northern section of that desert, Lear and two companions, provided with an umbrella, a bottle of pop, and a banana, blindly crossed through those uninhabited wastes.

It is an exciting yarn, and Lear, besides having the realistic eye of an A.P. reporter, is endowed with enough fantasy to extract much of the weirdness of nature's brutality and the crushing impact of the experience on the minds of himself and his fellow-sufferers. As in the case of his great Shakespearean namesake, the requisite emotions are heightened to heartbreak point. Those of John Lear and his companions are drawn to the white-hot focus of sharp likes and dislikes, tempered with morbidity created by imminent danger of death, and sharpened by the petty furies that overtake all men when subjected to physical and mental ordeals almost beyond human endurance and to enforced intimacy. Here is much of the pathological tenseness so typical of Russian fictional characters in the literature of the Czar's days.

Lear's experience is probably as old as man's residence on earth, but as it is the struggle of all life on the planet—even in the cushioned existence of the most civilized and apparently firm societies—the theme holds undying interest, and each individual's adventures are fresh and unique. We recall the Biblical legends, the exodus, the purification of Christ, Dostoievsky's "House of the Dead," Trotsky's escape across the Siberian snows, the numerous records of our frontiersmen. And in these times of arduous war, such accounts multiply: men traveling thousands of miles across the empty sea on tiny rubber rafts or crawling wounded through the jungles. Only a few such adventures are ever chronicled, and as the victims sink into the limbo of forgotten history, the ultimate value of their drama to posterity resides not in the incidents themselves but in the ability with which they are related.

Sometimes literature does better than any realistic account. Perhaps the most successful use of this theme of pity and terror, of man gripped in the horrors of naked odyssey through the desert of despair, is O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." Lear is no O'Neill, but his straightforward account is thrilling and deeply moving. No bird fed the modern Elijahs during their fearsome jaunt, but they found some salty berries, which they munched with grimaces, the juice of which served to wash off the grime of travel.

John Lear

The story as a story is not strengthened by the asides on Nazi plotters that Lear finds under every bed before the narrative really gets under way, or by his attempts to impress on us the strategic importance in terms of international power politics of the scene of his mishap. His comments on native life and persons are more revealing of his own language limitation, his inexperience with alien minds and customs, than of the texture of another culture. His interview at the very end of the book, with the rebel leader Haya de la Torre—however much is needed such a forthright statement of Haya's platform—is an anti-climax dragged in by the hair.

Lear has made us a sandwich of raw meat between dainty nabiscos. It is almost as if he feels an apology is necessary for relating his stark personal experiences, as if he doubted his book would have sales appeal unless garnished with the political and war worries that beset us these days. But such a story needs no apology, and must find its power and justification, not in external trimming, but within the range of its own emotions, through its internal balance of pathetic pettiness and humorous detail with its intrinsic immortal grandeur.

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Five Days in Brazil

CROSSROADS. By Erico Verissimo. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 373 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

POPULAR novelists in the United States are not infrequently accused of writing with an eye to Hollywood. Here is a Brazilian novelist who has been influenced by Hollywood in a slightly different way. Mr. Verissimo has borrowed moving picture technique to tell, in a series of tenuously related episodes, the story of five days in the lives of his characters. Unfortunately the effect is rather like looking at a series of stereoptican slides. The people in this modern Brazilian city pass one another on the street, or meet casually at work or at play, while their private lives develop, unsuspected by the others. Their roads do cross—but only in the physical sense. There is no plot, no development of the play of character on character. The unfolding of each personality would be identical if three quarters of the other characters were removed from the book. This is all very well in a series of sketches—but it scarcely adds up to a novel.

Some of the situations are vividly

Erico Verissimo

presented and some of the people come alive, but too many of the characters are types, and too many of the episodes are stock. It is perhaps good for North Americans to realize that the scene where Lady Bountiful visits the home of the dying consumptive, hoping to be surprised by newspaper reporters, plays the same in any country; but it holds little charm other than the dubious one of familiarity.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Mr. Verissimo's characters is their astonishing taste in literature. The poor man who has lost his job is a devotee of Dumas; he spends his last six milreis on a copy of "Treasure Island"—a translation, I presume. The stenographer is reading Rosamund Lehmann's "Invitation to the Waltz"; her employer, the head of a big department store, delights in Edgar Wallace. The dreamy young son of wealthy parents has just discovered Katherine Mansfield, and the daughter of the benevolent lady is deep in "The Sexual Question" by Forel. All of the city's upper crust society appear to be familiar with *Vogue*. This variegated literary fare, combined with the even greater influence of North American movies (a sick boy imagines he is Tom Mix, a pretty nitwit apes Joan Crawford) should provide some sort of a clue to Nelson Rockefeller's committee.

Mr. Verissimo's book ends with a little episode wherein the absent-minded professor starts to write the preface to his masterpiece, unaware that the coffee on his stove is boiling over. "Life," writes the professor, "consists of a series of monotonous and not unforeseen events, repeated ad infinitum." So, alas, does Mr. Verissimo's book.

Yanks in Bogota

PENTHOUSE IN BOGOTA. By Virginia Paxton. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 304 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DAVID LOTH

WHEN Charles Harner took the Associated Press assignment in Bogotá, he was achieving the life ambition of most newspapermen to become a foreign correspondent. Out of that assignment has come a book quite different from those which we have grown accustomed to receive from his colleagues.

Of course this book was written by the correspondent's wife, and it does not concern itself much with the news events that were the chief reason for the Harners being in Colombia. It is a cheerful account of the oddities of Yankee behavior abroad, filled with the laughable quaintness of the North American confronted by new sights, new people, new ways of life. Miss Paxton, it is true, feels that the quaintness was on the other side. Her pages would not sparkle nearly so much as they do if she did not think that all of Bogotá except the Harners had been out of step.

She relates with a great deal of gusto and verve the adventures of getting settled in a strange home, the polite surprise of servants and taxi drivers at the unpredictable ways of the Yankee, the excitements of shopping in an unfamiliar language.

It is unfortunate that her powers of observation and talent for description could not have been employed to reveal something of the life of the Colombian people as well as the amusing but trivial antics of the foreign resident. But apparently, except for their household and a few official visits and Harner's assistant, there was no contact between the Bogotaños and the AP correspondent's family. In view of the author's notion that her neighbors were a rather ludicrous, not quite adult species, this is not surprising.

One would guess that the material for "Penthouse in Bogotá" is based on the anecdotes that found the best reception in those gatherings back home where returned wanderers regale their friends with the cream of their travellers' tales. But conversation pieces do not always make the best books, and Miss Paxton is so entertaining that the lack of a real Colombian flavor is all the more regrettable.

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Wealth of Mexico

PASSENGERS TO MEXICO, The Last Invasion of the Americas. By Blair Niles. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 390 *pp.* $3.

LAND WHERE TIME STANDS STILL. By Max Miller. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 236 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

MEXICO of the past and the present comes to life in these two books which both tell tales of passengers to that enchanted land. Mrs. Niles's book reports the "last invasion of the Americas" by the French under Maximilian. Max Miller's invasion is his own, made in the summer of 1941.

There are many great dramas suggested in the tale that Blair Niles tells but she chooses to present them in the persons of the passengers who came with the French occupation. These range from the young American girl, Sara Yorke, to Louis Noir, leader of the French Zouaves—from the almost incredible Princess Salm-Salm to Carlota and Maximilian. The tales, therefore, become a series of vignettes strung together rather than the full flowing pageant of a great historical era.

Mrs. Niles accurately interprets the political significance of Napoleon's attempt to set up a French Empire just across our border while the United State was embroiled in the Civil War. His dream was to set up a Latin block in the New World, controlled by France, and to which France would send thousands of colonists, return ships filled with silver and gold.

This recurring dream of looting the wealth of Mexico has obsessed men since the time of Columbus. Hitler is the latest one cursed with the dream. Somehow it always seems to fail. "Passengers to Mexico" gives some reasons why. "Land Where Time Stands Still" gives others. The key to the defeat of the ambitious colonists lies in the resistance inherent in the Mexicans. Somehow they always manage to conquer the invader.

The true heroes of "Passengers to Mexico" are President Benito Juarez, Mexican Minister to Washington, Matias Romero, and Secretary of State Seward who, in the anguished days of the Civil War, yet managed to threaten the French, undermine Maximilian's support, and keep Juarez assured of help to come. When the Civil War ended the promise was kept with guns and ammunition handed to Mexican patriots across the Rio Grande.

Many romantic characters emerge in this book of whom the most compelling is Agnes Salm-Salm. She appears to merit a biography of her own for her life covered a fabulous era with fabulous deeds.

In "Land Where Time Stands Still" Max Miller covers the desert front and achieves the miracle of making it come alive. His tale is of a journey from San Diego to the tip of Lower California, the desolate 1400 mile peninsula which, after years of being ignored, looms suddenly important because of its vulnerability to attack from Japan.

Max Miller is a beguiling writer, as he would have to be to bring life to this stretch of cactus strewn desert. He manages it by a leisurely and intimate style which knows how to get the full flavor from the smallest incident. He tells of buccaneers of the past and filibusters of the present and between the two Mexico's resentment of foreign invasions is again explained. He writes a vivid account of the Seri Indians on Tiburon Island and tells why their stronghold is tabu. And his yarn of why they found fresh beef to eat on a dark night at Miraflores is delightful.

The most challenging story in his book is the mystery of the pearling beds about La Paz and why they died. Did the Japs poison these beds to destroy competition? If so, there's a propaganda nugget for our side.

Dobie on Mexico

THE MEXICO I LIKE. By J. Frank Dobie. Dallas, Texas: Southern Methodist University Press. 1943. 303 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

DOWN in the Southwest where a man is likely to know the flavor of the country better than the flavor of books, J. Frank Dobie has won a special place for himself. He is recognized as one of the first and most successful writers to bring to the printed page the vast lore of land and legend which has blown across the prairie and brush country as free as the Texas wind itself, and very nearly as illusive to the literary typewriter.

By way of formal occupation, Mr. Dobie is a professor of English at the University of Texas. His students have found him both refreshing and stimulating, and one of his provocative qualities is that they can never decide whether he is really a professor or really a cowman who is amusing himself in academic halls until once more he can get to a horse in the open spaces.

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ern Methodist University, Dallas, has reissued a volume of Mr. Dobie's which appeared in 1935 as "Tongues of the Monte." Into it the author has woven experiences and legends collected "wandering through the vast unpopulated mountains of Mexico, lingering at ranches and mining camps, the freest time of my life." Mr. Dobie confesses he has exercised the immemorial privilege of the story teller to invent and "patch up" from realities. If the framework on which he hangs his material is conventional the actual lore he presents is richly atmospheric —and once again material that has seldom or never found its way into a book.

Mr. Dobie also confesses the name of the book has bothered him no end. We confess the new name that has been chosen bothers us. Where the author is known, perhaps the ego implicit in the new title will be understood. But fame is an erratic thing, where he is less known, the overtone of an assumption of being something of an institution will be less appreciated.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.
2. "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens.
3. "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
4. "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
5. "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde.
6. "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
7. "Vanity Fair," by William M. Thackeray.
8. "Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett.
9. "Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis.
10. "A Study in Scarlet," by Conan Doyle.

THE LITERARY ROUNDUP

(*Continued from page* 10)

Losada in Buenos Aires, that I found in South America. Senhora Vera Perreira Olympio shares the active management of the business with her husband; she is young, handsome, with a perfect command of English and French, and is an excellent wife and mother, as well as an excellent publisher.

Rio de Janeiro has also the great newspaper, *Correio do Manha,* whose well known editor is Paulo de Bettencourt; and the Institute of Education, whose head, B. Louranco Filho, is of great importance throughout Brazil. The list would not be complete without mentioning Luiz Heitor Correa de Azevedo, one of the leading musicologists in South America, who was here on an extended trip a little over a year ago. There is also a press association analogous to our own in Brazil, whose head is well known all over the world, a Brazilian named Herbert Moses. Porto Alegre has only one publisher, but that one is large and well known all over the world. It is the Livraria do Globo. Porto Alegre also supports an excellent newspaper of similar name, *O Globo.* Its editor is Erico Verissimo, one of the most widely read novelists of Brazil today, whose novel "Crossroads" has just been published by Macmillan. He is on the staff of the publishing house as well.

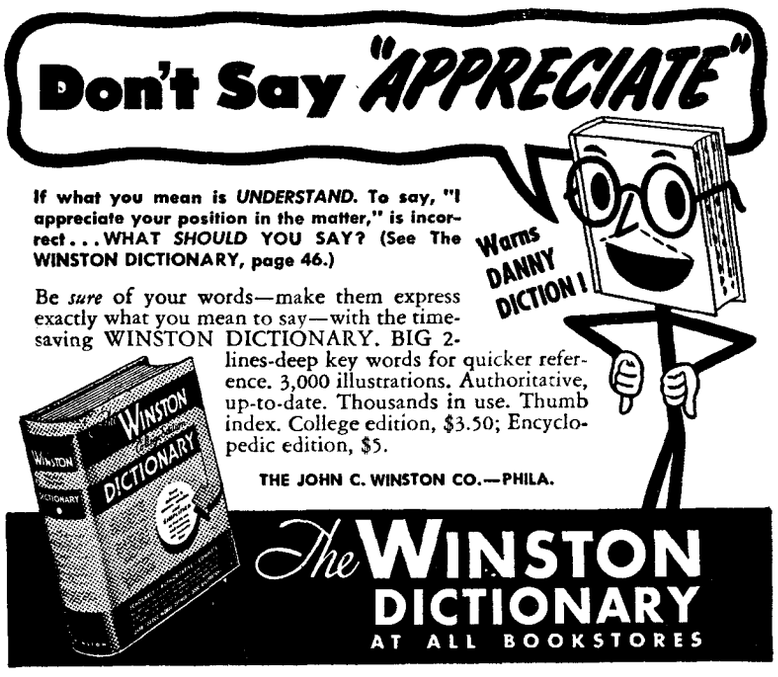
I couldn't name all the important writers in Brazil today; they seem to be everywhere in the country. Some of them are José Lins do Rego, well known for his five-volume "Sugar Cane Cycle," a sociological novel; Pedro Calmon, one of the important writers; Tiano Amoud, Gilberto Freyre, who is best known for his "Casa Grande E Senzala"; Afranio Peixoto, known for his "Fruto do Mato"; Vianno Moog, whose best known book is "Um Rio Imita O Reno"; Jorge Amado, Rachel de Queiroz, Graciliano Ramos, Oswald de Andrade, the late Machado de Assis, Euclides da Cunha, Capistrano de Abreu, Carolina Nabuco, well known in this country; and Delgado de Carvalho.

I would like to talk in detail about the different countries I visited, about the writers and publishers and the work they are doing. But space forbids it. I would like to know about the four other countries on the South American continent that I didn't see, and three colonies—not to mention the various republics of Central America and the Caribbean area. These I fear will have to wait until another and more peaceful time.

When that time comes, I hope to visit not only the countries new to me but also those I have already seen. Everywhere the people meet you with the most open-hearted hospitality and friendliness. They take you into their lives with the most kindly and charming frankness. They live in a land as beautiful and various as you can imagine: I remember with delight the riotous profusion of camellias and orchids in Bogotá, the majestic Rio harbor, the towering Andes rising from the semi-arid Peruvian plain, the tall buildings of Buenos Aires silhouetted against the broad Plata.

They are our friends, these charming people; they want to know us even more perhaps than we want to know them. They are learning about us through our books; and we in turn, I think, should do everything we can to learn about them through their books and the work of their outstanding writers. Some of those writers, as I have tried to indicate, are already important, others will certainly become important as their talents mature. The more so because South America is, in a general way, almost the only major portion of the globe not totally involved in global war. Thus her writers have a better chance to develop than those of most other countries. From what I have seen, I cannot believe they will let that chance slip by unused

Pablo Neruda, Chilean poet, Cesar Vallejo, of Peru, and Jorge Carrera Andrade, Consul General of Ecuador in San Francisco, are among the represented in a forthcoming special issue of the *Old Line,* published by the University of Maryland. The issue will be given over to the United Nations.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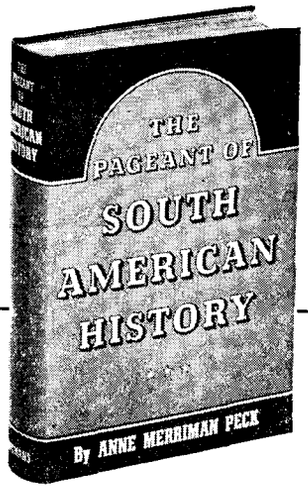

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The Children's Field

Books on Latin America for Young People

MARIA CIMINO

As recently as five years ago Latin America entered but rarely into books for children. There had been some early sporadic efforts at depicting it; there were the accounts of the expeditions of Beebe and Ditmars, and there were the tales of W. H. Hudson, with their marvelous and special quality of a foreign place, the "Tales of Silver Lands," by Charles Finger, fired by the imagination of the native people they represent, and the inimitable "Painted Pig" by Elizabeth Morrow and René d'Harnoncourt. These last all grew out of long association and love of both place and people and remain as a challenge to all writers of books about Latin America for children.

In looking to Latin America itself for books that might be translated into English, one found that there existed no native children's literature, in our sense. The idea of children's books is new there. Books are comparatively expensive, there are few public libraries, and by the time children reach the age of ten they are already reading adult books if they read at all. New programs of education are making this need for juvenile books felt, some of the governments are making distinct efforts in this direction, and publishers are following suit. The Brazilian Ministry of Education, for instance, has sponsored a few books that deserve attention. One of them, "The Legend of the Palm Tree," written by Margarido Estrela Bandiera Duarte and illustrated by Paulo Werneck, was translated into English and published by Grosset and Dunlap in 1940. This is the first picture book to come from South America, a book beautiful for its design and illustration, and interesting for its retelling of an old Brazilian legend.

In our own country the International Committee of the Section of Library Work with Children of the American Library Association published a list of "Thirty Children's Books from Latin America." The books on this list were chosen for their qualities of format, illustration, and text to serve as an introduction to the children's books being written and published in Latin America; and were exhibited at the annual conference of the Association in 1941 where they attracted much interest.

American writers in recent years have been taking trips around the South and Central American continents. and as a result the beginnings of a literature are manifest. Out of their journeyings have come books of information and travel such as Anne Merriman Peck's "Roundabout South America" (Harper) and "The Pageant of South American History" (Longmans, Green), and Alice Dalgleish's "Wings Around South America" (Scribner); picture geographies and histories for younger children, collected and individual biographies of liberators and heroes, countless little volumes on the different aspects of each country, and some original fiction, and text books. All are more or less written to order to meet a new interest and need, all are well-planned and workmanlike and a little self-conscious in their desire to impart knowledge. Now the immediate need to produce something seems to have subsided, the books which are coming more slowly seem to stem from something more than a superficial experience.

Outstanding among the volumes of the last two years are those that have the touch of the native in either text or illustration. Vera Kelsey's "Maria Rosa" (Doubleday, Doran) is a delightful story of "everyday fun and carnival frolic with children in Brazil," but it is Candido Portinari's brush that

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gives illustrations that quicken to life its picture of life in Rio. "The Armadillo and the Monkey" (Coward-McCann), by Luis Jardim, a young Brazilian writer and painter, is written out of his youth spent in the interior of Northern Brazil. The pictures and text have humor and originality. it faithfully reflects the language of the people, and it springs out of folk imagination. In "The Boy Who Could Do Anything" (Wm. Scott) Anita Brenner brings her knowledge and love of Mexican folk life to a retelling of an uncommon group of folk tales and legends. Jean Charlot's drawings made over fifteen years ago, when he and Miss Brenner first heard the stories from an Indian story-teller, are admirably illustrative of the text and derive from assimilation of Mayan Indian art. The first Mexican novel for children written by a native is "The Water Carrier's Secrets," by Maria Cristina Chambers (Oxford). Mrs. Chambers spent a rich childhood in Mexico. She has understanding of Spanish and Mexican culture and has been able to weave the folk life of these nations into a story of unusual and poetic quality.

This is but a rapid survey of works that have come. When the necessity for closer communication with the Latin-American countries is fully realized and we arrive at an easier understanding of their people, a children's literature will grow that will have true worth. In the meantime there is promise of some interesting new volumes that will be ready for publication this fall.

Maria Cimino is on the staff of the New York Public Library.

A Trio of New Children's Books

JUNGLE HAVEN. By Albert Leeds Stillman. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1942. 321 *pp.* $2.

COURAGE OVER THE ANDES. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1940. 251 *pp.* $2.

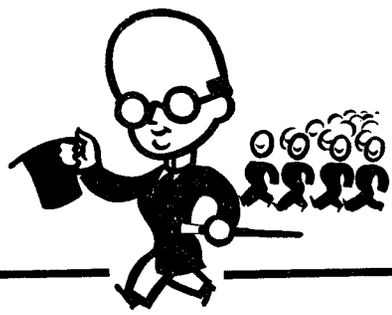
THE SILVER LLAMA. By Alida Malkus. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1939. 108 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

A GENERATION brought up to believe in the prowess of Superman and the luck of Tim Tyler may find "Jungle Haven" very tame staff. But its three heroes, two Algunian princes and their tutor, Bob Mexican, have enough adventures to satisfy all but the most exacting tastes. After they have escaped a revolution in the Balkan kingdom of Algunia, via glider from the palace roof, weathered a storm at sea, and avoided bombs dropped by gestapo agents, they flee to the Brazilian jungle. There they elude hostile Indians, carnivorous ants, an anaconda, more Indians, Portuguese slave traders, death from malaria, and sundry other perils. In fact, by the end of the book they have exhausted nearly every practicable ruse for foiling deadly enemies, and it takes the fortunate landing of a meteor to dispose of the Indians who were about to sacrifice them to a set of particularly bloodthirsty gods. Despite these interruptions, the trio is far from idle. Although they have not even a pocketknife to begin with, they build a jungle paradise complete with plumbing, gold mesh screens, and a radio set. Apparently with a profound knowledge of physics and chemistry you can duplicate all the approved emblems of modern machine civilization in the heart of the jungle. Readers of the age for which this book is intended will probably not question the merit of this idea; it may even make them take more interest in their laboratory work. I still think that the "Swiss Family Robinson," although representative of a less advanced age, had more charm.

"Courage Over the Andes" is also a story of adventure, laid in South America in the early nineteenth century. Its hero goes around the Horn on a whaling ship, is captured by Peruvian privateers, escapes, joins the Chilean patriot army fighting for independence from Spain, rescues his shipmates, and returns home. Dick Weatherby has a busy time, but the imagination does not boggle at his exploits—perhaps because his hairbreadth escapes do not follow in such rapid succession as in Mr. Stillman's tale. Besides being a good yarn, this book has a further value in that it gives a little-known chapter in inter-American relations in vivid and accurate colors. Dick Weatherby is a fictional character, but Mr. Joel Poinsett, the U. S. Consul in South America, with whom he works and fights to secure the freedom of the captured Yankee whalers, is a real and fascinating person. Perhaps a handful of peopole know that Poinsett gave his name to the poinsettia plant, but his very real accomplishments as an early apostle of the Good Neighbor Policy deserve wider appreciation.

"The Silver Llama" is a delightful story for younger children—a simple narrative of everyday life among the Indians on the high slopes of the Bolivian Andes. Ancient Inca legend has it that a silver llama always brings



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good luck, and this one follows the tradition, even helping its young master to discover a part of the vanished treasure hidden from the Spaniards some four hundred years ago. Many of the old Indian superstitions are woven into the story—the purse with two pockets, one knit in the shape of a man, the other representing a woman, so that they may raise a little money family; the "thinking cap" that the mother knits for her boy with two-headed condors on the border, so that he may see both ways and have wise thoughts like a condor. No less remarkable than the author's knowledge of Indian life is her understanding of llama character, for llamas are proud and sensitive animals, friendly and yet entirely aware of their own dignity. Put one more stick on a llama's back than he thinks he should carry and he will lie down and refuse to budge; he knows his rights. The silvery llama and the gay colors of the Indian caps and ponchos lend themselves charmingly to the illustrations; in fact my own two-year-old is so delighted with the pictures that he wants to take the book to bed with him. He may, however, be a little young to be a reliable judge, since he is under the impression that the llama is a dog!

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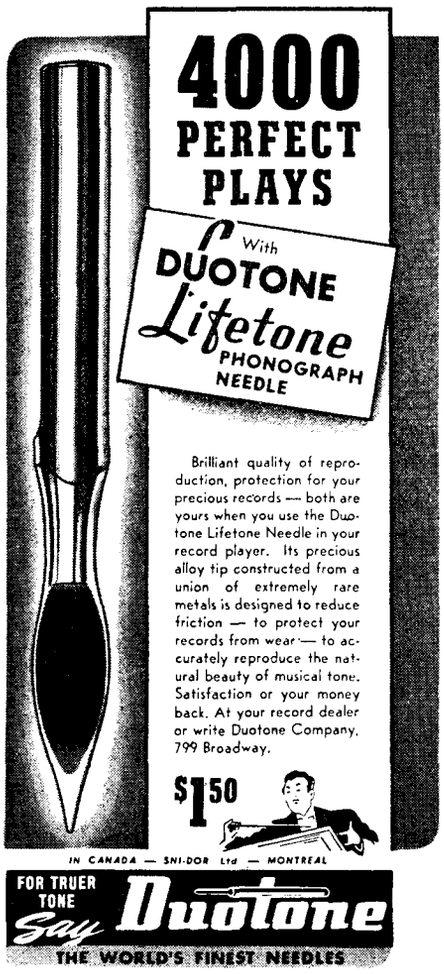
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There are probably no other publications in existence which indicate with such meticulous precision the exact source of every statement or statistical figure. These Reports are mainly intended for use as reference material for serious students of Latin-American affairs, for writers, journalists, or lecturers. Fifty and sometimes more than one hundred footnotes in each one of these Reports, giving the sources or indicating where to find further material on the particular subject, greatly contribute to the value of these publications.

The U. S. Department of State was undoubtedly aware of the importance and value of these publications, when, a few years ago, it appointed Charles A. Thomson, Chief of its Division on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Charles A. Thomson was the Latin-American editor of the Foreign Policy Association, and author of a great number of these Reports.

Among other authors who wrote several of the best Reports are H. J. Trueblood, A. Randle Elliot, John C. de Wilde, and the former Director of the Association, R. L. Buell. Subjects covered by these reports include concise histories and analyses of each one of the important revolutions which took place in almost all countries to the South of us during the depression years of 1930 to 1933; and full and objective Reports of the international conferences of American States (Pan-American Conferences) and of the meetings of the Foreign Ministers of these countries. These reports on the conferences of Havana, 1928; Montevideo, 1933; Lima, 1939; Havana, 1940, and Rio de Janeiro, 1942, are the most authoritative available and of permanent value. Other reports deal with economic problems such as: "Trade Rivalries in Latin America," "Foreign Exchange Control," "Export-Import Bank Loans to Latin America," "Resources and Trade in Central America," "Toward Free Trade with Latin America," and with problems of strategic interest, such as: "Raw Material Resources in Latin America," "War and the U. S.-Latin American Trade," "Wartime Economic Coöperation," "U. S. Strategic Bases in the Atlantic," "Hemisphere Solidarity in the War Crisis," "Progress of Pan-American Cooperation." The F.P.A. was also the first to publish a study on Fascism and Communism in South America (by S. Naft), as far back as 1937. Most of these reports are still available at the price of twenty-five cents.

—From "Salud! A South American Journal."

The Association does not seek to "promote any one point of view toward international affairs" nor to control "the views expressed or implied in any of its publications by its authors." Nevertheless, any statement which may appear doubtful or not sufficiently supported, is carefully checked by the editors and the Research Department of the Foreign Policy Association and sometimes submitted for confirmation or expression of opinion to the official representatives of the countries discussed.

In addition to these semi-monthly Reports, the F.P.A. also publishes about six "Headline Books" every year, intended for the general reader interested in foreign affairs. These 96-page booklets (price 25 cents) are profusely illustrated with maps and pictographs and beautifully printed. Four of these books are concerned with Latin America. They are: "The Good Neighbors. The Story of the Two Americas," by Delia Goetz and Varian Fry (1939); "Challenge to the Americas," by John I. B. McCulloch (1940); "Look at Latin America," by Joan Raushenbush (1941) (25 maps and charts); "Mexico. The Making of a Nation," by Hubert Herring (1942).

Each one of these booklets provides one or two pages of "Suggested Reading."

S. N.

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INSIDE CHILE

(*Continued from page* 26)

citizen of Santiago. "He is not colonial, he is just a foolish, forgetful person who knows neither how to retain the past nor what to do with the present." "The truth is," remarks this writer looking for trouble, "that we Chileans are a mixture of coarse chastity and incompetent obscenity, a mixture which is not likely to be understood by those accustomed to see each other in its place at a given time."

Southern Chile divides, according to this geographer, between "The Land of the Trembling Earth," "The Land of the Blue Mirrors," and "The Land of the Twilight Night." The near South is the land of earthquakes. Beyond that lies the lake country, with its great farms laid out by energetic German settlers—a temperate, wet, and beautiful land. The far south with its thousands of islands, dense forests, incessant rains, and bitter cold, is the home of few men. And so on down to Cape Horn—"a foghorn at the end of the world."

Erna Fergusson, the "outsider," brought to her ample stay in Chile the trained heart of one who understands people. She had already exercised her gifts to good effect by introducing us to the people of Mexico and Guatemala and Venezuela. Now in her "Chile," she has done what no other writer has begun to do so well, has made us feel the peculiar appeal of the people who inhabit this curious geographic creation known as Chile. She leads us into Chile by the southern lakes, stops for a while in the German communities of the South, takes us to Santiago and Valparaiso, north to Antofagasta. She gives us a little economics, a little geography, a little history. Better than all of these, she introduces us to the *inquilino,* the farm laborer, and his family; to the chauffeur who takes her to the *fair;* to the shopgirl, the *roto,* the fine ladies and those not so fine. Altogether, the book is as satisfying an introduction to people as has been turned out by any writer on Latin America.

Miss Fergusson makes no claim to being an economist. Nevertheless she furnishes material aplenty for the interpretation of the social struggle which looms so large. The bad distribution of the land (a few hundred families own most of the best land in the Central valley); the miserable pay allotted workers in Chile's mushroom industry; the envy incited by foreign control of the mining industry—all of these are elements of anger among the five million Chileans. Nowhere in South America are the lines being drawn more dangerously tight between those who are privileged and those who toil for wages. Neither Mr. Subercaseaux nor Miss Fergusson have much to say of the miners of Lota, but the pictures they draw serve to throw into relief a visit paid those miners the other day by Henry Wallace. The United States talks of extending a new kind of neighborliness to all Latin America—Chile included. I can think of a lot of people in Chile who must be interested to know what the promise can mean. Both Mr. Subercaseaux and Miss Fergusson have helped us to understand.

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By Howard Collins

HOW WELL-KNOWN NOVELS END

Quoted below are the closing lines of ten well-known novels. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall its author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. "Rest assured, our father, rest assured. The land is not to be sold." But over the old man's head they looked at each other and smiled.

2. "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

3. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for: all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

4. "Tomorrow, I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day."

5. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome in visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

6. "O father," said Eppie, "what a pretty house ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

7. Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.

8. She glanced at the soup-plate, and, on the chance that it might after all contain something worth inspection, she awkwardly balanced herself on her old legs and went to it again.

9. "This new quinine stuff may prove pretty good. We'll plug along on it for two or three years, and maybe we'll get something permanent—and probably we'll fail!"

10. "For me there still remains the cocaine-bottle." And he stretched his long white hand up for it.

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Continent Makers

BUILDERS OF LATIN AMERICA. By Watt Stewart and Harold F. Peterson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 304 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by C. A. HUTCHINSON

THIS is a series of twenty-two sketches of individuals who have played a heroic or interesting part in the evolution of Latin America. The book is conveniently divided into four parts, beginning with six chapters grouped under the title "Foundations." Under this heading come personalities as diverse as Hernán Cortés, Doña Clara, the glamorous courtesan of Potosí in the hey-day of its silver boom, and Father Kino, the heroic builder of missions among the Indians of what is now our Southwest. As the authors point out, the great moving forces of the Spaniards in their work of exploration and colonization in the Americas were "God, gold, and glory," and it is in the lives of individuals such as the three mentioned above that we clearly see the tremendous energy and enthusiasm which they brought to their tasks.

"Revolution" and Dictatorship" are the headings of parts two and three respectively. Spain's bad government produced the revolutions which freed the future republics, while their total lack of experience in self-government brought on the inevitable dictatorships. The revolutionary leaders presented run from the Argentine Mariano Moreno to the Cuban José Martí; the dictators include men such as Rosas of Argentina and Juan Vicente Gómez of Venezuela (who aped in turn the clothes of Theodore Roosevelt and Kaiser William II, successively his idols). A final series of six chapters brings together under the title "Toward a Better Future" men of accomplishment in many spheres of life, such as Sarmiento, Rubén Darío, and Lázaro Cárdenas.

A great deal of information is given the reader in this book and it is in very palatable form. There are, unfortunately, several mistakes of fact in it, such as, for example, the implied assumption that whereas North American settlers were in the habit of killing off their Indians, the Spaniards always lived with theirs. The Araucanians in Chile and the Tehuelche in Argentina would have a different tale to tell.

A little more candor at times in discussing, for instance, Latin-American dictators, and less vagueness of language, would have improved the work. A sentence which begins "And now it seems possible to hope that we may before long . . . " hardly inspires confidence in what is to follow.

Such blemishes aside, and they are of minor importance, the book can be recommended to instruct and amuse all who read it. Many very excellent photographs serve as illustrations to the text.

Inter-Americanism

PAN AMERICAN DAY. Edited by Hilah Paulmier & Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

THIS little book is a compilation of essays, editorials, poems, declamations, letters, odds, ends, and flotsam referring to our relations with one or more of the other American Republics. Gathered in one cover this represents both an interesting "specialty" and a reference work for writers, editors, and commentators who might, on Pan-American Day or other and, we hope, frequent occasions, be called upon to discourse on some phase of Inter-Americanism, general or historical.

The value of the book as a reference work is its heterogeneity of content, and this same quality keeps it from being a very readable work. To satisfy all possible users it has to contain such kindergarten pieces as "Plays and Program Material for Junior Grades" alongside an excerpt from Jefferson's letter to Monroe on the project of the doctrine. However, this heterogeneity would not normally defeat the purpose of such a book if the selections represented the finest in their various categories. Unfortunately the editors, with but few exceptions, have chosen rather pedestrian examples of thinking on the subject of the hemisphere, and with the exception of pieces by Rubin Dario, Rafael Pombo, and Camacho, have chosen none of the magnificent statements made by South American writers and statesmen which antedated nine-tenths of the selections which they have selected.

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—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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NEW DIRECTIONS · 67 W 44 · N Y C

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BRASS CHILLS *Hugh Pentecost* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Fatal poisonings on mystery ship bound to war base in Pacific cleared up by ex-detective serving in Navy.	Bacillus botulinus plays hob with several lives in rapidly paced tale of action on ship and shore.	Good
A CORPSE BY ANY OTHER NAME *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Strange death of Englishman with secret knowledge confronts Mr. Tolefree with neat problem in deduction.	Combination spy and detective tale with some excellent descriptions of bombed towns, an intricate plot and unexpected solution.	Capital
FAKED PASSPORTS *Dennis Wheatley* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Adventure and spy-yarn of Finnish-Russian war starring indomitable Gregory Sallust.	Popping with action and excitement, extremely well documented, and effectively written in leisurely English manner.	Worthwhile thriller

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The Phoenix Nest

OLD Quercus visited my eyrie the the other day, bringing my wife a Spring gift of daffodils. He sat in the green chair by the wrap-around window and gazed out over what in London would be called the chimney-pots. Here they include water-tanks and ventilators. He seemed to like his sojourn, prior to an evening broadcast, because a note from him later remarked "I like that glassy Pilot House of yours, high in the superior purview of the cockatrice town." Also, *re* the daffodils, he had related to me how Dorothy Wordsworth had really furnished old William with the mood and some of the words for his famous "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," and now he sent what he called "from the Grasmere Journal (1802) Dorothy's bulb of the daffodils":

> April 15th, Thursday. It was a threatening, misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner. . . . The wind was furious. We first rested in the large boat-house, then under a furze bush opposite Mr. Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The Lake was rough. We got over into a field to avoid some cows . . . in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the lake had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and about them; some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. . . . Rain came on—we were wet when we reached Luff's, but we called in. . . . The landlady looked sour, but it is her way. She gave us a goodish supper, excellent ham and potatoes. We paid 7/- when we came away. We had a glass of warm rum and water.

I wonder whether Quercus remembers—though knowing how Wordsworth took a leaf out of Dorothy's book—a poem in which Francis Thompson took a leaf out of William's. It is one of Thompson's less-well-known poems called "The Cloud's Swan-Song."

A lonely man, oppressed with lonely ills,
And all the glory fallen from my song,
Here do I walk among the windy hills;
The wind and I keep both one monotoning tongue.

It has some fine verses about the Poet:

Of my wild lot I thought; from place to place,
Apollo's song-bowed Scythian, I go on;
Making in all my home, with pliant ways,
But, provident of change, putting forth root in none.

* * *

Right poet! who thy rightness to approve,
Having all liberty, didst keep all measure,
And with the firmament for ranging, move
But at the heavens' uncomprehended pleasure

* * *

The daffodils make, despite Wordsworth's loneliness, a gay poem; Thompson's, like all his songs, is sad, but he had the gift of turning sadness into high poetry. He furnished the mithridate for other's grief.

The Word Is "Molodets"!

If you recall the rhyme that Earle Walbridge told us the Carlton Club was singing about Stalin, we have two comments which correct us as to its spelling and its meaning. Here they are. The first is from Leon Lipson at Harvard University:

> The word is "molodets," pronounced "maladyets," and means, *not* "old fellow," but *young* fellow," or, by extension, "brave lad," "good boy," or, at the Carlton Club, "stout fellah."

The second is from Arejas Vitkauskas of Miami, Florida, who writes:

> Let a Lithuanian explain the Russian word "molodets," *not* "melodets." It literally means "young man" but figuratively always a brave man, a success! With such meaning this word crept even into our Lithuanian language during the Czar's regime in Lithuania, serving as a barbarism. "Molodets" was a very famous brand of popular Russian cigarette, "papyrosy," with a picture on the package of something equivalent to the daring young man on the flying trapeze, and this writer made his first illegal attempt at smoking with just that kind of weed. However, the first few "papyrosy" from a thick package brought me a "sad feeling about the world." I didn't feel "molodets" at all!

A First Birthday Song

I have known, in my time, some proud fathers, and even officiated as one myself; but the most inspiriting canticle of joy I have recently run across was rendered the other day by my friend Frank Warner of West Twelfth Street, for longtime a fine singer of other folks' ballads, and an erudite collector of the same. The occasion was the birth of the first child and the son and heir of the Warner *maison*. Frank says the first verse came to him while riding on a bus to the hospital, and he worked the rest out from there. I should like to hear Frank sing it to his *gui*-tar (with the accent on the *ee!*) I think it mighty fine.

Well on the mornin' little Jeff was born Lawd, Lawd . . .
Well, the mornin' little Jeff was born—
Well, New York Town swang round and round
And the subway run plumb ou'n the ground
And the great big buildin's bowed low down—
On the mornin' little Jeff was born.

On the mornin' little Jeff was born Lawd, Lawd . . .
The mornin' little Jeff was born—
Gabriel blowed his trumpet to beat the band
And the angels danced 'round hand-in-hand
And the Lawd said, "Jeff, you's a natchel man!"
On the mornin' little Jeff was born.

On the mornin' little Jeff was born, Lawd, Lawd . . .
The mornin' little Jeff was born—
He stretched his legs in the mornin' sun
An' he said, "Jest look what the Lawd's done done!"
An' he said, "God A'Mighty!—I'm your lovin' son."
On the mornin' little Jeff was born.

John Erskine's Speech

For the lady who inquired, and any others who may wish to know, the address delivered by John Erskine at the annual meeting of the College English Association in January, entitled "What Should English Teachers Teach?" will be published as a Chap Book and sent out to members of the Association this month as a supplement to the March issue of the CEA *News Letter*. Non-members of that association may secure single copies at fifteen cents the copy, by writing the Secretary of the Association, Burges Johnson, at Union College, Schenectady, New York.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued from page 14*)

with which this intent has been carried out is Eduardo Cárdenas, editor of both *Selecciones* and *Seleções*. Mr. Cárdenas, no relative of Lazaro Cardenas, former president of Mexico (he has been embarrassed by a few cases of mistaken identity), plans each issue with a painstaking regard for the special market. Before any translations are made, Cárdenas finecombs every page of the current issue of the domestic edition, writing a short, pithy comment for each article, rating them according to "A" must; "AB"—acceptable; "B"—not likely, and "C" and "?"—unacceptable. The following is taken from his worksheet for *Selecciones*, analyzing articles in the April, 1943 issue of *Reader's Digest*:

Rating	*Comment*
B	"Thomas Jefferson, Architect of Democracy." By Donald Culross Peattie. Not the best piece for an introduction of Jefferson to foreign readers.
?	"How Hitler Plans to Win." By Wythe Williams and William Van Narvig. Things seem to be happening too fast on the Russian front. By the time this article would appear in *Selecciones* (July issue) the situation may have changed substantially.
?	"Why Haven't You Made Your Will?" By Melville Cane. Interesting, but not suitable for a magazine that circulates in many countries with different laws on the subject. [From *SRL*].
A	"The Price That Russia Is Paying." By Maurice Hindus. A striking report. It seems to be factual and authoritative. Hindus is well known to Latin-American readers.
B	"Nimitz Fires When He Is Ready." By Stanley High. Admiral Nimitz's life story is not very exciting. This article would not be more than fairly interesting to foreign readers.
AB	"What We Laugh At—And Why." By Max Eastman. Most of this article could be used in *Selecciones*. Some parts are not translatable.
C	"The Talk of the Town." From the *New Yorker*. Would lose interest when translated. Too local.
B	"Adventures with a Pony." By H. L. Mencken. Fairly interesting. Although Latin Americans love horses, Shetland ponies are not a part of the average person's childhood memories.
AB	"The Society of Timid Souls." By J. P. McEvoy. Of particular appeal to timid persons everywhere.

On this particular worksheet eleven articles were listed as either "A" or "AB" out of a total of thirty pieces published in the senior magazine. This does not mean that *Selecciones* runs only eleven articles—actually an average of twenty-six articles appear in each number. For the balance, Editor Cárdenas draws upon a reservoir of more than 250 back numbers of the *Reader's Digest*. For example, from one of the earliest numbers—September, 1922—he culled an article by Stuart Chase, "Are You Alive?" which ran originally in *The Nation*. It was resurrected in translated form for the January, 1943 issue of *Selecciones*. The survey of readers' preference for that issue showed that it rated among the top articles.

Seleções has a separate worksheet and is, in fact, a separate magazine. Comparing any given number of *Selecciones* with the same issue of *Seleções* shows that not more than a dozen articles are the same; the reason for this in large part is that *Seleções* tries to meet the needs of its own market; a complementary reason is that *Seleções*, having come upon the scene more than a year after *Selecciones*, has at least a dozen additional issues of the parent magazine from which to make its selections.

In an effort to bring the editorial content of *Selecciones* and *Seleções* even closer to the center of Latin-American gravity, the *Reader's Digest* plans to publish articles originating in Latin America itself. Lois Mattox Miller, one of the *Digest* editors, is at present in South America investigating story ideas. In addition, the entire native writing field is being explored. This will no doubt prove a welcome bonanza to many South American writers and journalists now accustomed to receiving $25 or less for their articles in local periodicals and who, if their material is acceptable, may receive upwards of $250. Perhaps of even greater significance is the stimulus for countless aspiring young writers who have more talent than means.

Articles developed especially for the South American editions will also be considered for publication in the *Digest* itself. Thus something of a two-way street may be constructed, with the senior magazine occasionally or even frequently looking to the juniors for editorial material.

It must not be supposed from all this that the editors of the *Digest* see Latin Americans as set rigidly apart from North Americans in their reading tastes. They are convinced, in fact, that readers of both continents, by and large, are closer than perhaps they themselves realize. In the family of reading, the universals—the things of human interest that touch everyone, the things the *Digest* tries to crowd into its pages—speak across national boundaries and oceans. They speak an international language, perhaps the most vivid international language yet discovered.

All of which would seem to set the stage for companion editions of the *Reader's Digest* all over the world. And this is precisely what is happening today. Even as this is being written the curtain is going up.

[5]
CLEARLY SEEN AND DELIGHTFUL CHARACTERS*
Meet also Major Warren, the last of Chesapeake's cavaliers who drove his animals (Dido and Aeneas) to the office —and tandem at that.
*From Struthers Burt's review
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The Crostics Club

CLYDE FOSTER, Evanston, Ill. (1571 Sherman Ave.), referring to my recent quotation from Ovid's "Metamorphoses" asks, "Is there any evidence that Ovid had access to the Book of Genesis?" Will one of our classicists answer Mr. Foster to the extent that I cannot? I have read that Hesiod (about 735 B.C.), author himself of a "Theogony," a mythological account of the world, and the classical poets who followed him at least *based* their ideas of creation on the Books of Moses. Hesiod derived his from one Sanchoniatho, who lived before the Trojan War and professed that his own views were influenced by a priest of Jehovah named Jerombaal.

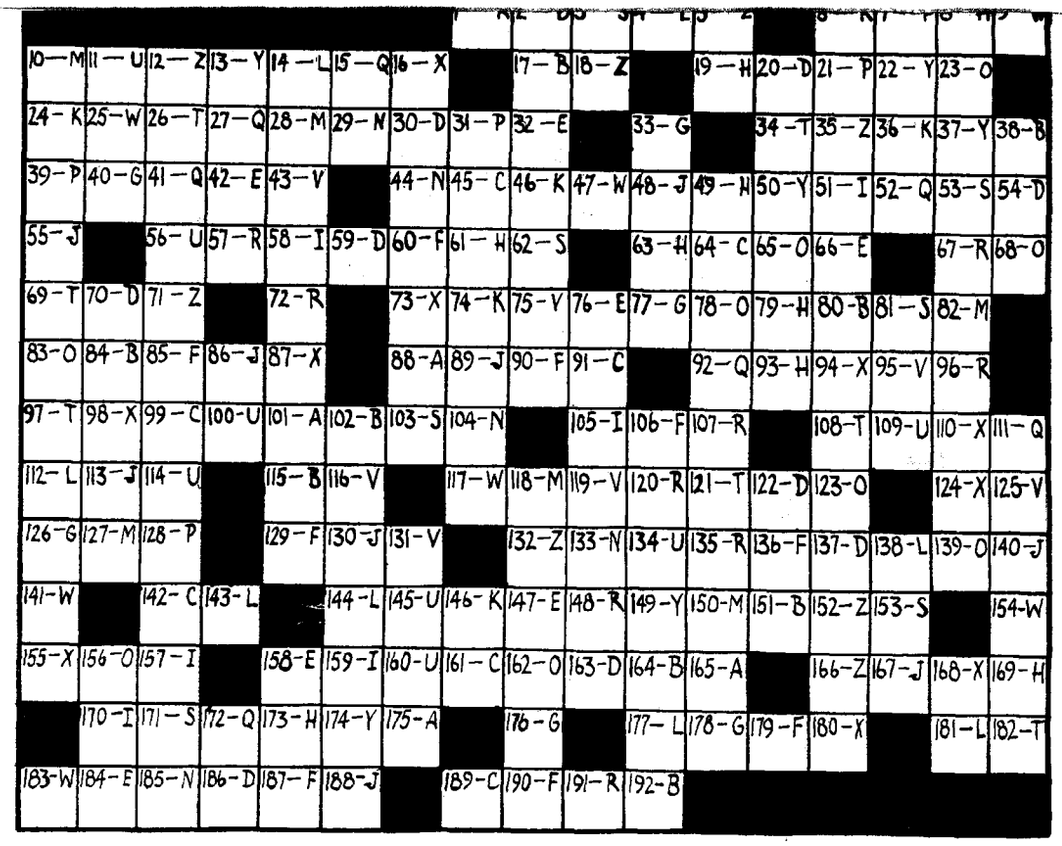
The mention of the line of greens for Horace was not a St. Patrick's Day design as Miss Alvez Long, Columbia, S. C., facetiously suggests. Along with her amazement that a Roman epicure should be so modern, she emphasizes the timelessness of affairs when she tells us that "Nearly all of us down South of Dixie respond to the lure of greens larded with bacon in spring time." She adds, tantalizingly for us gardenless city dwellers, that just the mention of "collards, mustard or turnip greens, cooked with side meat or jowl, with plenty of crocknel cornbread to dunk in the pot-liquor, makes our mouths water." Modern Italians, too, I know from marketing in friendly neighboring shops, have much in greens to teach our jaded American palates.

Mrs. Hilda R. Stice, Urbana, Ill., hurls a "brickbat" (her own word) at me for confusing her puzzling by stating that New Guinea, not Greenland, was the second largest island in the world. I took my fact from the Gazetteer section of WNI. Apparently their dubbing Australia as an *island-continent* displaces it from first rank as an island. It did not occur to me that *Greenland* and *New Guinea* had the same number of letters, else I would have given you a definition less confusing.

Edward W. Rickett, New York City, calls my attention to the fact that the Battle of Thapsus was not a Caesar-Pompey conflict, but a Caesar-Pompeian one, for Pompey was killed in 48 B.C., although Pompey's followers continued the Civil War started by those leaders.

Rosamund Billet, Victoria, B. C., a new DC addict who manages with only a medley of reference books available, writes that those who do DCs without reference books "have me standing at the post." A new one for me!

My latest letter to Mr. Delmont, Harrisburg, Pa., has been returned unclaimed. I've no more time to give to the matter except to forward the letters received from those interested to some one else who would like to formulate time-statistics for DCs. Who wants to do the job? E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 472

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A large number; a lot (colloq.)

B. In medieval armor the covering of the hips and thighs.

C. A 13th century poem in the vernacular (important in English language evolution).

D. A fairy, little tricksy old man (Irish folklore).

E. Not accurate.

F. Yellow like an egg yolk.

G. Pseudonym of the "Dumas of the American Indians" (1818-83).

H. A thingumbob (colloq.)

I. The group of fish containing the eels.

J. A cutting in two; a division.

K. To fall *on*, as an obligation.

L. At once; immediately (2 wds.)

M. Replacement; substitute.

N. A concentrated solution of sugar with juices, etc.

O. A Disney-Grimm's fairy story.

P. English novelist and playwright (1895-) (really Koyumjian).

Q. Roman comic poet (190-159 B.C.)

R. Friend and charioteer of Achilles.

S. More full of flavor.

T. A new mysterious imp (Aeronautics).

U. Godlike; awe-inspiring.

V. Broke a hole in (2 wds.)

W. *Punch* cartoonist (1820-1914).

X. Whiskey as made in Ireland or Scotland.

Y. Anything used to curdle milk.

Z. The Angel of the Bottomless Pit (Bib. & "Pilgrims Progress").

WORDS

175 101 165 88

151 38 102 164 84 80 115 47 192

142 45 189 64 91 99 161

54 2 122 20 30 137 186 70 59 163

184 42 76 147 32 158 66

179 85 129 187 90 60 190 106 136

33 176 40 178 77 126

169 173 19 93 79 61 63 49 8

105 58 159 170 51 157

188 89 86 130 167 113 140 48 55

1 46 24 74 6 36 146

112 144 4 177 138 14 181 143

127 118 10 150 82 28

185 104 133 29 44

65 78 68 156 83 123 139 23 162

21 128 31 7 39

172 27 15 111 52 92 41

72 120 135 148 67 96 107 57 191

81 171 103 53 3 153 62

34 69 97 121 108 182 26

134 11 114 160 56 109 100 145

95 43 116 75 131 119 125

117 25 141 183 9 47 154

168 16 98 124 180 110 155 94 73 87

149 37 22 50 174 13

12 132 18 152 71 166 35 5

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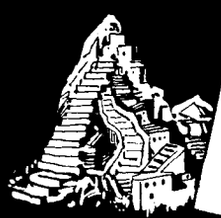

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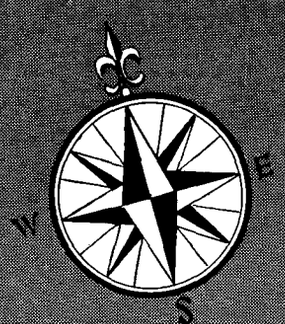

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